
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

DECEMBER, 1801.

SKETCH

OF THE MEMOIRS OF
WILLIAM PARSONS, ESQ.

THE CELEBRATED COMEDIAN.

Enriched with a capital Portrait, taken from Life.

Here PARSONS lies—oft on life's busy stage
With nature, reader! hast thou seen him vie;
He science knew—knew manners—knew the age,
Respected knew to live—lamented die!

PARSONS' EPITAPH.

IN former Numbers of our Miscellany we have presented to the public a variety of characters, whose theatrical talents have attracted the admiration of our countrymen. Delighted with their exhibitions on the stage, we naturally investigate their private history—particularly the several steps by which they have attained to their present celebrity. Oftentimes their previous career has resembled a subterranean current, whose meanderings we cannot trace—though, on other occasions, we have it in our power to behold them gradually rising to the pinnacle of popularity. Let us, however, with respect to the present subject of our Memoirs, endeavour to obtain some gratification of our curiosity.

Vol. 14, No. 60.

MR. WILLIAM PARSONS was born about the year 1736, in Cheapside, London, where his father lived with a very decent reputation. Neither elevated by riches, nor depressed with poverty, he preserved the sober tenor of his way. His son was sent at a proper age to St. Paul's School, where he applied himself with ardour to the various parts of learning which claimed his attention. Here he formed intimacies with his school-fellows which lasted through life. Such connections are often serviceable to us in our progress through the world—be this as it may, in the case before us, we must remark, that such friendships indicate a heart endued with sensibility. To such sensations Mr. P. was by no means estranged.

At so early an age as fourteen, Mr. Parsons was placed with Sir Henry Cheere, an architect, with the view of being a surveyor. How long he remained in this situation we cannot tell; but he must have possessed considerable knowledge for such a profession. In particular, mathematical science in some degree must have been cultivated. These qualifications, however, were not long called forth into exercise. The dramatic taste had been cherished, and the gratification of it was become the object of ambition. Here then opens upon us the first rudiments of that genius which afterwards delighted mankind. Natural inclination finds out for itself a channel, in which it flows with increasing rapidity. It combats with every difficulty lying in its way. It seldom fails of obtaining a victory.

Having accustomed himself with several young associates to frequent Spouting Clubs, his talents for exhibition were greatly improved. Neglecting his business, and having his attention absorbed by this entertainment, he at last quitted his master and friends. He then ventured to make his appearance

in King Lear at the Little Theatre, Haymarket, 1756. Of the success of this his first attempt we know nothing. It was sufficient to encourage him to proceed—for he henceforward devoted himself to the stage with the greatest attention.

Leaving the metropolis, Mr. P. went to York, where he made his appearance in the Earl of Essex. His reception was flattering, but he did not continue long in this situation.

Edinburgh was the next object of his destination. During a period of five years, he exerted his powers to amuse the inhabitants of the Scotch metropolis. He first performed inferior characters, and that for some time. But at last, owing to the removal of a famous character on the stage, he came forward in the *Miser*, and obtained distinguished approbation. He now, therefore, rose to eminence—and soon became a man of celebrity, at least in that part of Great Britain.

It was at this period that Mr. Garrick, hearing of his reputation, invited him to London, where he soon arrived. At Drury Lane he appeared, for the first time, on the 21st September, 1762, in the character of *Filch*, a celebrated personage in the Beggar's Opera. This was a complete introduction to the favour of the British public, which he ever afterwards cherished with the most sedulous attention.

It is said that Mr. Garrick, that consummate master of theatric exhibitions, took him under his instruction as well as patronage. Hence we can account for that degree of excellence to which he attained. Even summer engagements were declined that he might, by incessant study, approach nearer to the *acme* of perfection. It was a remarkable trait in the genius of our hero, that he imitated *old men*; their tremulousness and garrulity were hit off with a very singular and impressive effect.

His chief characters were *Griskin*, in the Trip to Scotland—*Whittle*, in the Irish Widow—*Skirmish*, in the Deserter—*Davy*, in Bon Ton—*Crabtree*, in the School for Scandal—*Doctor Bartholo*, in the Spanish Barber—*Doiley*, in Who's the Dupe—and *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, in the Critic. We might also mention *Foresight*, in Love for Love—*Money Trap*, in the Confederacy—*Don Manuel*, in She would and she would not—together with other characters, well calculated to excite risibility.

At Liverpool, Birmingham and Bristol, he in the latter part of his time acted in the summer season with great applause. But for Drury Lane he entertained the most decided predilection; refusing any other permanent engagement, with whatever advantages it might have been attended.

After a long series of active labours in the service of the public, Mr. PARSONS found his health declining—he was attacked by a violent asthma, which baffling the power of medicine, terminated his career upon the 3d of February, 1795. He was interred at Leigh Church, near Blachkeath—it is a most retired and romantic spot—the writer of this narrative has more than once frequented it, and surveying the spot where the remains of the Comedian are laid, felt melancholy but interesting sensations. It reminded him, indeed, of the churchyard which Gray describes in his *Elegy*—the objects around were so picturesque and impressive.

In one of the public papers the following lines appeared, descriptive of Mr. PARSONS' merits, which, on account of its justness, shall be here transcribed—

Disdaining imitation's servile plan,
Vers'd in the various whims of changeful man,
As long as genuine humour can invite,
PARSONS will still be seen with keen delight;

Borrowing from none, original and true,
 He nature's mirror always holds in view.
 His chief success is seen in lower life,
 In noisy drunkenness, and peevish strife;
 And in the petulance of testy age,
 Superior merit ne'er enrich'd the stage—
 'Tis said, the common passion for applause,
 Sometimes aside his better judgment draws:
 That loud extravagance, and wild grimace,
 Too oft are seen usurping nature's place;
 But in the scenes our living Congreve drew,
 Where Crabtree's spite so well pourtray'd we view;
 Or where Sir Fretful, rankless with the smart,
 Of struggling passions that degrade the heart,
 Can e'en malignant envy say he's found,
 Beyond the verge of modest nature's bound:
 Biass'd by pleasures past, perhaps my mind
 Is to some casual faults in PARSONS blind,
 For in the limits of his proper sphere,
 To me, I own, no errors e'er appear;
 And tho' some critics may the judgment blame,
 PARSONS, to me—seems worthy of a name
 Of highest eminence in comic fame!

The talents of our *memorable Comedian*, are here
 appreciated with an accurate and emphatic brevity.

 THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LVII.]

ALFRED,

AN EPIC POEM, BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

—Cease to fear,
 Ye holy martyrs ! honour'd shades, behold
 Behold our bands are broken, and Britannia's soil
 Once more is free ! Where is the languid heart
 At such an hour ? Where stands the man whose breast
 Feels not my transport ? Where is he who views
 What heav'n hath wrought, with black indifference ?
 He lives not to pollute the air ! Your hearts
 Glow on your cheeks, and glisten in your eyes.

ALFRED.

THE battle of Eddington proving fatal to the cause of the Danes, ALFRED was once more restored to the throne of these kingdoms. IVAR was slain during the fight ; and HUEBA, who had received a wound, put an end to his existence with his own hands. The overthrow of the enemy appears to have been very great—though the British monarch, with his usual humanity, forbade unnecessary slaughter. Guthrum, in the mean time, retires with the remnant of the forces to a neighbouring fort, whither Oddune is sent to demand his surrender. The Danish chief, however, discovers his accustomed spirit and bravery.

Oddune obtains *Alswitha* from Guthrum, and conducts her to ALFRED, who, of course, receives her with the most interesting sensations of gratitude.

—To the King she rush'd,
 Alfred beheld her ! In each other's arms

Speechless they stand! When, with ecstatic joy,
 Alfred exclaim'd—"And is it thou, O Queen!
 Belov'd **ALSWITHA**? God of Heaven inspire
 This heart with everlasting gratitude!"

The next book contains a narrative of Alswitha's sufferings, which she tells to Alfred—at the close of her account, her child, whom she thinks *dead*, is mentioned to her as being safe, by which she is highly delighted. Oddune is again sent to Guthrum, who consents to submit to **ALFRED**—is received by him at first with an assumed anger—but Alswitha pleading for the Danish General, is pardoned. Guthrum wishes to become a christian—and deplores his daughter as dead, when she is brought to him. **ALFRED** then proposes Guthrum's daughter to Oddune for a wife; she having, by her amiable temper, soothed in a very great degree the sorrows of the Queen in her captivity.

To Oddune then, Alfred his words addressed—

"Chieftain, I prize thee, and would fain behold
 All happiness attend thee, but what joy
 Can solitude afford? Society!
 The smiles of her we love, th' endearing wife,
 The hopeful offspring, *these* the charms of earth!
THESE give a zest to all things here below;
 And all beside possessing, but declares,
 How sad the lot of him who cannot boast
 These soul-enchanting treasures. May I say,
 If beauty can attract, affection charm,
 Or constancy delight thee, gallant chief,
 Think on yon damsel!"

Oddune thus replied—

"Guthrum's fair daughter, who shall not admire?
 Her charms I own—her virtues revere;
 But never must I strive, by word or deed,
 To win the damsel's love. Her I respect,
 But more I cannot. To *another maid*

My vows are plighted; and I trust, ere long,
To taste domestic joys, and emulate
The virtues of my great and noble King."

ALSWITHA cried—" Brave man, thou hast a soul,
Which all should reverence, all should imitate.
The flower of British youth for her shall strive,
Yet never one more worthy than thyself;
ODDUNE, I like thy frank and manly speech!
There is a race, *wilest* of human kind,
Who rove from fair to fair, *all maids alike*,
Deck'd with gay smiles, and courteous in all deeds,
Boasting of conquests. On their tongues are found
Maxims of worth, and true humanity.
And they can loudly talk of right and wrong,
Of honour and injustice, and true love,
Repeated oft, with meanings light as air.
Such of eternal constancy will vow,
Or at reserv'd affection humbly glance,
Or less presuming, but of equal force,
Speak only with the language of the eye,
And thus, with low and base hypocrisy,
Winding false way to woman's gentle heart.
These shadows of true men might dread the thought
To tarnish female honour, but would smile
To murder female peace; and unconcern'd,
Nay, with self-compliments and secret pride,
See grief corrode the cheek of innocence,
Behold the wreck of that maid's happiness,
Whose only fault was unrequited love.
Such is not ODDUNE! Thou a soldier art
In name and spirit. May thy sex, like thee,
Protect, not wound, the fond and guileless hearts
Of ALBION's beauteous daughters!"

—ODDUNE bow'd
Graceful to earth, and from the tent retir'd.

The 23rd book contains the Vision of *Alfred's guardian Angel*; here are some most excellent sen-

timents, worthy of the greatest attention. There is not, indeed, that dramatic variety, observable in other parts of the work, but it possesses great dignity, and produces on the mind of the reader a very pleasing effect. We must not quote it, the *entire whole* interested our sensibility.

The 24th, or last Book, winds up the whole story, by the baptism of Guthrum and his followers—by an interview of Alfred and Alswitha with their infant child—and by the King's last address to his Troops, of which we will extract the emphatic conclusion—

———Now subjects! that your days
Comfort may yet attend—one small return
Of me receive. Each man, whose sword was drawn
In this his country's cause, and who requires
A safe and quiet home shall soon possess,
Together with my smiles, a plot of land,
A cottage, that shall every good contain,
And I will be your Father! I will rule
In mercy; and my thoughts, by night and day,
Shall be to serve you, and to make you feel
Protection and all joy.

When speaking of your valour and your might,
I know you but the instruments! On high
Dwells the great Ruler of all mortal things!
With him have we found favour! He it was
Who this deliverance wrought, who by his hand
Unseen made plain our path, and at this hour
Gives us to triumph! He it was who screen'd
Our heads in perils infinite! His arm
Fought on our side! Saxons, with me rejoice!
But to the God of Heaven be all the praise!"

Each replied,

"But to the God of Heaven—be all the praise!"

Thus have we finished our account of a poem, which (whatever may be its defects) has this trait,

beyond all others we have read—that is, of deeply engaging the attention. The dignity of *Alfred*, and feminine mildness of *Alswitha*—the enthusiasm of *Sigbert*, and the steadiness of *Oddune*—the simplicity of *Ceolric* and *Acca*, together with the brutal fury of *Ivar* and *Hubba*, inciting their followers to deeds of cruelty, are most ably delineated. We know of no poem, indeed, in every respect, so favourable to the interests of the rising generation. Mr. Cottle deserves the thanks of the British community.

The writer of this article, engaged in the tuition of youth, has read the POEM over several times to his pupils, and found it highly impressive in its effect. It reminds him of the American war, and its termination. ALFRED bears a resemblance to the patriot WASHINGTON, who led on his brave followers to victory.

THE
LIFE OF LYCURGUS.

THERE is nothing to be related concerning Lycurgus that is certain and uncontroverted. The accounts given of his family, his travels, his death, and especially of the laws he made, and the commonwealth which he founded, are very different.

But historians chiefly disagree as to the age in which he lived. Aristotle asserts that he flourished in the time of Iphitus*, and this appears the most

* Iphitus instituted the Olympian Games 108 years before the first vulgar Olympiad, which commenced in the year of the world 3174, or 3938, of the Julian period, and 774 years before the Christian era.

probable. But that he was of great antiquity cannot be denied. Notwithstanding this confusion and obscurity of writers, we shall endeavour to compose the history of his life; setting down those passages that are least controverted, and following those authors who are most worthy of credit.

We find, that prior to the birth of Lycurgus, the Spartan kingdom continued in anarchy and confusion for a long time. This was the cause of the death of one of their kings, the father of Lycurgus; for, as he was endeavouring to quell a riot, he received a wound with a knife, of which he died.

Lycurgus soon after this event formed a resolution to travel, and he first arrived at Crete, where he studied the Cretan laws and government, and made an acquaintance with the principal men of the country. Some of their laws he much approved, and resolved to make use of them in his own country; others he rejected. Amongst the persons there, the most renowned was Thales, whom Lycurgus by repeated importunities and assurances of friendship, at last persuaded to go over to Lacedæmon.

From Crete he sailed to Asia, that by comparing the Cretan way of living with that of the Ionians, which was very expensive and luxurious, he might better judge of the difference this made in their manners and form of government; just as physicians compare bodies that are healthy and robust, with such as are weak and sickly. Here, probably, he had for the first time a sight of Homer's works, which were preserved by the posterity of Creophylus; and observing that they were not less to be examined for the excellent moral and political instructions they contained, than for the beauties and graces of the poetry; he set himself eagerly to transcribe and collect them together, with a design to bring them home to his

own country. For though before this time, these poems began to be known in Greece, yet only some particular pieces were in a few private hands; the whole poem being confusedly scattered about in fragments. But Lycurgus was the first who brought it into general reputation.

It is said that he rejected Egypt. Lycurgus, during his absence, was much regretted at Lacedæmon, and a great many embassies were sent to entreat him to return. Things were in a turbulent state at his return, and he immediately resolved to make a thorough reformation, and to change the whole face of the commonwealth; thinking it availed little to alter some particular laws, unless he acted as physicians do with a distempered constitution, who by force of medicines expel all the morbid humours, change the whole temperature of the body, and so prepare the way for a new regimen and diet.—When things were ripe for action, he so concerted his plans, that the opposite party were struck with terror at the firmness he and his friends displayed on the occasion; and in a few days many of his new laws were put in practice.

Amongst the many alterations which Lycurgus made, the first and most important was the establishment of the senate, which having a power equal to the kings, in matters of consequence, did (as Plato expresses it,) soften and qualify the impetuous and fiery genius of monarchy, by constantly restraining it within the bounds of equity and moderation.* Thus Lycurgus, by wise regulations, tempered the constitution of the republic.—But the most hazardous task he ever undertook, was the

* Whoever reflects on the seditious propensity of the Spartans, must find good reason to admire the profound wisdom of Lycurgus, who so effectually checked their impetuosity.

making a new division of the lands.—For there was a very strange inequality among the inhabitants of Sparta, so that the city was overcharged with a multitude of necessitous persons, whilst the lands and money were engrossed by a few. Therefore, that he might banish out of the commonwealth luxury and arrogance, and envy and fraud, together with those more fatal and inveterate distempers of a state, wealth and poverty, he persuaded the people to reduce the whole country to a common stock; to consent to a new division of the land, and to live all in perfect equality, allowing the pre-eminence to virtue only, and considering no other difference or inequality between one man and another, but what the disgrace of doing base actions, or credit of doing worthy, created.*

Arduous as was this task, he fully accomplished it, for the division was made according to his suggestion: though no way agreeable to the landed or monied interest; for he likewise caused a division of moveable property to take place, but finding it difficult to get the better of their avarice, he had recourse to stratagem. For he commanded that all gold and silver coins should be cried down, and that only a sort of money, made of iron, should be current, and this too of such a weight, that a great quantity was but of very little worth. In the next place he banished all useless and superfluous arts. Indeed luxury was by degrees deprived of that which nourished and supported it—was quite starved out, and died away of itself.

In order more effectually to suppress luxury, and exterminate the love of riches, he contrived another most excellent institution, which was that of public

* We may here observe, that these laws of Lycurgus demand a Lycurgus to enforce them, otherwise they cease to be salutary.

tables. They were expressly forbid to eat at home upon rich couches, and magnificent tables, to suffer themselves to be pampered by their butchers and cooks, and to fatten in private like voracious beasts. For such intemperate gratifications not only corrupt the manners, but enfeeble the bodies of men; so that they need long sleep, hot baths, much rest, and the same care and attention as if they were continually sick.

The rich men were so exasperated by this regulation, that they made an insurrection against Lycurgus, and proceeded so far at last as to assault him with stones, so that he was obliged to fly to a temple for refuge. He outran all the rest except one Alcander, a young man, otherwise not ill disposed, but very hasty and choleric, who came up so close to him, that, while he turned about to see who was near to him, he struck him with a stick, and beat out one of his eyes. Lycurgus, undaunted by this accident, stopt short, and shewed his face, streaming with blood, to his countrymen. They were so strangely surprised, and ashamed to see it, that they immediately delivered Alcander into his hands; to be punished as he thought fit. Lycurgus ordered the young man to wait on him at table; Alcander being thus near him, and having an opportunity of observing his natural mildness, became one of his most zealous admirers.

They used to send their children to those public tables, as to schools of temperance; here they were instructed in moral and political affairs by the discourse of men of wisdom and experience. Here they learned to converse with cheerfulness and pleasantry; to jest without scurrility, and to take no offence when the raillery was returned. Their principal dish was a sort of black broth, and much valued.

Lycurgus would never reduce his laws into writing--for he thought, that if such regulations as

were most essential to the public happiness and virtue, were deeply impressed upon the minds of the people, they would become a firm and invariable principle of action to them, operating with such irresistible force, that they would require no other lawgiver than their education. Lycurgus esteemed a good education the greatest end of all political institutions. It appears evident, that he paid particular attention to the welfare of the whole community, as his regulations relative to the education of women, and to the conception and birth of infants, clearly evince.*

The Spartan women were noted for magnanimity of sentiment; and of this we have an instance in Gorgo, the wife of King Leonidas, who, when a certain foreign lady said to her, "You of Lacedæmon are the only women in the world who have an empire over the men:" replied, and with good reason, "For we are the only women in the world that bring forth men."

The laws of Lycurgus, as they affected the education of children, were such as implanted in their young mind a love of virtue, a love of his country, and, above all, a due obedience to the laws, to temperance, and the accomplishment of heroic and dignified exploits.

It may appear strange, that theft was countenanced by this wise lawgiver. Secresy was, however, indispensable; for, if detected, opprobrium was hurled upon the offender. It is said, that a Lacedæmonian youth having stole a young fox, and hid it under his coat, suffered it to tear his very bowels with its teeth and claws, and so died upon

* Humanity and modesty do, however, blush to unfold these regulations—physically they may be good themselves, but abstractedly inimical to the dictates of nature.

the place, rather than he would discover it. The youth were taught in their conversation a keen, yet polite and pleasant, kind of wit, with a concise and comprehensive mode of expression. Lycurgus himself was in discourse very short and sententious, if we may judge by what we find related of him: as in that answer which he made to one who advised him to establish a popular government at Lacedæmon. "Begin, friend," said he, "and make trial of it in thy own family." To another, who asked him why he allowed of such mean and cheap sacrifices to the gods? he replied, "that we may always have something."

For the Monthly Visitor.

SECOND ESSAY,

In Answer to the Question given in No. 53.

THROUGH the wide extent of nature, that lies open to our view, and been the subject of research, this fact is demonstrated with precision, that the Deity has linked causes and effects in closest union with each other. Newton, with sagacious eye, explored the recesses of the universe; and where obscurity before had wrapt the laws of nature in the gloom of night, meridian splendors darted and laid open all the mazy and intricate wheels by which the mighty whole was managed. Descending from the grand phenomena of nature to the works of man, we find a consanguineous tie of causes and effects unite the civilized world. One class of men may be, with justice, termed the vast intellectual eye of all the rest, and that through them, whatever adds to the private good or public wealth, is felt and seen. I do not hesitate affirm-

ing, that philosophy is more advantageous to the community than all the most unwearied diligence the man of business can display. From this prolific source the main and only spring of commerce owes its origin—for were mechanics utterly unknown, our situation would resemble the uncultivated nations of the earth, where arts and sciences have never penetrated through the fogs of ignorance, and taught the savage what enjoyments they afford to polish and refine the mind—embellish life with all that pleases and improves—awakes our wonder—animates our zeal—or recompences our fatigues.

Trade can never rise to any eminence if the assistance of philosophy is not to be obtained—for we need but cast our eyes around, and states will meet our gaze, where barter of the natural products of the country constitutes the sum and substance of their traffic. Our adventurous merchants plough the foaming deep, and brave the fickleness of squally winds, to visit the remotest quarters of the globe, and bring from thence the rude unmanufactured produce of those climes. In this high favoured country, philosophical enquiries are pursued with avidity, and every day is witness to some new invention, or elucidation of a subject which promotes the welfare of mankind. Some centuries back, when superstition had enveloped the mind, and ignorance contracted human intellect, our commerce was a mere nonentity; and when the celebrated Roger Bacon pierced through the gloom of bigotry, and laid the firm foundation of our present knowledge, calumny, with bitter acrimony, represented his sublime discoveries as the base communications of the devil. Others in succeeding ages perfected what he begun, and every year saw trade increase, its limits and ability in just proportion with the strengthening lights of rational philosophy. The map of Europe offers us a picture

painted with a great variety of colours, and each state is appositely marked with a due degree of light and shade, according to the patronage bestowed on Philosophers. Some are fast approaching to the zenith of perfection, in the ratio of time—while others scarcely have emerged from the twilight of obscurity, and past the bounds of the horizon.—England long has been distinguished among the nations for the number, excellence, and great utility of its respective goods and manufactories.

But here the query presses for solution, and demands imperiously, if the discoveries of Philosophers have tended more than the assiduous industry of Tradesmen to advance the interests of society? Can the effect be greater than its cause—or that produced greater than the thing producing? Let us then survey the provinces of both, and see if the inventor and improver of machines promotes the public welfare more than he, who, through their aid, exhibits the productions of the globe in an innumerable group of modes and forms. What would Great Britain at this day have been, if the invaluable science of mechanics never had engaged the attention of her sons. Instead of Sheffield, Norwich, Birmingham, and Manchester, with many other seats of equal knowledge, being celebrated as the great emporiums of scientific skill, their names and praise to millions would have been unknown, and all their wealth and grandeur never seen. The firmness and superior worth of all our manufactured goods, originate in that profound ability with which the engines are contrived. The industrious merchant traverses his own and other countries for materials to supply their large demands, but is constrained to acknowledge that it is from the discoveries of philosophy alone, he is empowered to produce what is the ultimatum of his own and others good. Nay, even when he longs to say

through watery worlds, philosophy invented his ship—proportions every part—adjusts its load—and steers it in its liquid way. The man of business may, by his activity, transmit his various stock to places ignorant of their utility, and destitute of a supply, with the benevolent design of teaching them their use, convenience, and profit. He may spend his time and fortune in erecting edifices of great national importance, and employing hundreds in conducting with appropriate ingenuity his wonderful machines, from which their families may gain the comforts of an easy competence, while the community at large receive a portion of the benefit. In this one instance, we, however, must confess the wheel that moves the whole owes its existence to the labours of Philosophers, and without their assistance never would have had a being. From the single science of mechanics, the community apparently derive a more essential good than the most vigorous exertions the man of business can produce. Having strove to shew the great advantages resulting from this single branch, we now proceed to mention a few others, and the relative connection that subsists between their cultivation and our profit and delight. Navigation is an art replete with gain to individuals and the public, and enhances greatly the prosperity of all who wisely make a due improvement of the privileges it possesses. By its aid the Poles hold intercourse together, and exchange their several products for each others goods. The merchant, emulous of wealth, leaves the favourite spot on which he first drew breath—the partner of his life and cares—his children, relatives and friends, and eagerly embarks with a rich cargo from his native land to seek a market in the most inhospitable climes. Not the loud roar of tempests, or the rocks of treacherous seas—the daring pirates—bloody crew—or the assassin's dagger in a foreign

shore, can damp the ardour of his soul, or change his steady purpose. Loaden with the wealth of Asia, or the gold of Afric—the inestimable diamonds of Golconda, or the produce of the western isles, he turns his stately vessel towards his long left country, crouds his sails and courts the winds to waft him through the trackless ocean to the haven of his wishes. There upon the strand he disembarks his treasures, and invites his countrymen to taste the fruitful earnings of his toil.

In intimate connection with the useful art of navigation, is a knowledge of the virtues of the magnet—a discovery incalculably beneficial to commercial nations. Unacquainted with it, navigators would be destitute of every certain guide through the tempestuous realms of Neptune to their place of destination. By the compass they determine, with the greatest nicety, the situation of the countries they explore, and leave to all that follow, an invaluable legacy of information.

Near allied to this is the instructive science of geography—a science admirably suited to the interests of man, and pleasing to the curious mind. From hence we gain intelligence of all that passes on the globe—the longitudes and latitudes—extent, divisions, metals, produce, manners, manufactories and commerce of the kingdoms underneath the torrid, temperate, and frigid zones.—Here the feet of industry may find an ample field in which to roam, and opportunities in quick succession crowding on the sight, alluring by their richness, and deserving notice for their durability. While others brave the rigours of an equatorial sun, we sit with placid eye and chearful countenance, amid the peaceful and domestic circle, feasting on the delicacies they have brought, without the glare of danger, or the struggles of fatigue embittering our minds.—'Tis here the analyzer of the vegetable, animal, and fossil

kingdoms, reads descriptions that awake his wishes to enjoy and nerve the hand of diligence, to get in full possession those productions which shall pave a way to fresh and interesting chemical discoveries. Hence we gain acquaintance with the simples and compounds, of every object that becomes the subject of investigation, and the different principles which constitutes the whole of every body.—All the several virtues, drawn from what composes these three kingdoms, are appropriated to the purposes of medicine, and our restoration from the thorny couch of illness to the downy seats of blooming health.—Here, in noon-day glory, shines conspicuously great the matchless service of Philosophers. By their assistance we can visit woe and affliction's dreary cot, and lead the thin emaciated victim of disease from death's dark regions, to the realms of day—transform the meagre looks of hunger to the ruddy glow of rich abundance, and where sorrow once bedewed every cheek, impress the smile of ease. In the departments of Philosophy that have engaged our attention, it is very evident how much more service it has done the public, than the most assiduous care of the industrious man of business.

Oh thou, bounteous source of our enjoyments! may thy smiles continue to illumine the world, and all the human race acknowledge thee their benefactor, and engrave thy admirable lessons on their minds!

Nov. 11, 1801.

ASMOTH SEMIAH.

LAKE OF WINANDERMERE.

DIFFERENT countries have produced persons with genius or talent for particular pursuits, and in the same country, learning, wit, and poets, have appeared more in one age than in another, and

different places have claimed the honour of giving birth to heroes and men of eminence. I know not whether the place of Homer's nativity, or the locality of Troy walls be exactly ascertained, but you may inform your readers (and particularly those who make a tour to the Lakes) that in these latter days, more men of letters, genius and science, and of learned professions, have been born on the banks, or within five miles, of the famous lake Winandermere, in England, than in any other part of the world of the same extent, and within the like space of time, that we know, or have read of; for instance,

The late Edwin Sandys, Lord Archbishop of York—*Sir W. Rawlinson*, one of the First Lords Commissioners for the custody of the Great Seal of England—*Robert Rawlinson, Esq.* Chief Justice of Chester, &c.—*Daniel Rawlinson*, Citizen of London—and *Doctor Law*, Lord Bishop of Carlisle (one of whose sons was also mitred during the father's episcopacy) — were all born (near each other) within three miles of the Lake, and were the ancestors of great and respectable families now in being.

The late Launcelot Addison, Dean of Litchfield, and father of the celebrated and highly eminent *Joseph Addison, Esq.*—*Doctor Anthony Askew*, the great Grecian of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and St. Bartholomew's Hospital.—*Dr. R. Burn*, author of Justice's Law, &c.—The learned *Mr. Moore*, of Rugby, father of *Dr. John Moore*, late Lord Bishop of Ely.—*Richard*, the father of the late ingenious and inimitable artist, *William Hogarth*.—*Dr. Fothergill*, late Provost of Queen's College, Oxford.—*Dr. J. Fothergill*, a very eminent Physician of London.—*Dr. Preston*, late Lord Bishop of Killala and Ferns.—*Dr. Postlethwaite*, late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.—*Dr. T. Sharpe*, late

principal of St. Edmund's-Hall, Oxford, and regius professor of Greek.—*Dr. Shepherd*, late professor of experimental philosophy at Cambridge.—*Sir J. Wilson*, late one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster.—*The Rev. John Smith*, famed for his historical works of the venerable Bede.—*The Rev. John Taylor*, noted for his Hebrew-English Concordance. — *Thomas Tickell, Esq.* an ingenious poet and author, and contemporary with Addison, Steele, &c.—*Mr. Thomas Taylor*, who compiled the best book of Logarithms ever published.—*Dr. Watson*, the present Lord Bishop of Landaff.—*Dr. Sir Isaac Pennington*, the regius professor of physic.—*Sir Alan Chambre*, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas.—*Dr. Ainslie*, of the College of Physicians.—*D. Braithwaite, Esq. F. R. S.*—*Adam Walker, Esq.* the philosophic lecturer.—*Dr. Thomas Garnett*, the natural philosopher.—*Romney, Cranke, Gardner*, three ingenious artists.—And *Messrs. Millars, Ainslie, Hall, Bell, and Harrison*, three young gentlemen of great promise in the university of Cambridge, and at the bar. It has been supposed, that the ancestors of the noble Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronti, were born on the Banks of this Mere.

OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY LORD BACON.

Extracted from Jones's elegant Edition of Bacon's Essays, lately published.

FROM the Work above mentioned, we have made the following extract for the perusal of our readers, not at all doubting but that they will prove very acceptable.

It had been hard for him that speak it, to have more truth and untruth together in few words, than

in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god;" for it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits, and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little; "*magna civitas, magna solitudo*;" because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods; but we may go farther, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain, but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you

may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak : so great as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness : for princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except, (to make themselves capable thereof,) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation ; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them "*participes curarum*;" for it is that which tieth the knot : and we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey, (after surnamed the great,) to that height, that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's over-match; for when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet ; for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting. With Julius Cæsar Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder

after his nephew; and this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death; for when Cæsar would have discharged the senate in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamed a better dream; and it seemeth his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippics, called him "venefica," "witch;" as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa, (though of mean birth,) to that height, as, when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Cæsar Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius, in a letter to him, saith, "hæc pro amicitia nostra non occultavi;" and the whole senate dedicated an altar to friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearthness of friendship between them two. The like, or more, was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautinus in doing affronts to his son: and did write also in a letter to the senate, by these words, "I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me." Now, if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity, (though as great as ever happened to mortal men,) but as an half piece, except they might have a friend to make it

entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Commineus observeth of his first maste, Duke Charles the Hardy, namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely Commineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him; of his second master, Lewis the eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true; "*cor ne edito*,"—"eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts: but one thing is most admirable, (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship,) which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that, it is in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature: but yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature; for in bodies union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression; and even so is it of minds.

The second proof of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding as the first is for

the affections; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts: neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia—"That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad;" whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel, (they indeed are best,) but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best," and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and dredged in his affections and customs. So as there

s as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as here is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business: for the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case; but the best receipt, (best I say to work, and best to take,) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many, (especially of the greater sort,) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune; for, as St. James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass and presently forget their own shape and favour:" as for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or, that a gamester seeth always more than a looker on; or, that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters; or, that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations to think himself all in all: but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight; and if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is as well, (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all,) but he runneth two dangers; one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for

it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it: the other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe, (though with good meaning,) and mixt partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and, therefore, may put you in a way for present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient: but a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate, will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience; and, therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels; for they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship, (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment,) followeth the last fruit, which is, like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say, "that a friend is another himself; for that a friend is far more than himself." Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of work, or the like. If a man have a true friend he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and

his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot with any face or comeliness say or do himself? A man can scarce alledge his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like: but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person: but to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

For the Monthly Visitor.

Popular Characters.

MR. ADDINGTON,

PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

IN our Miscellany for August last, we gave a portrait of the present Prime Minister of England, accompanied with a Sketch of his Character in a public capacity; promising our readers to present them with further particulars as soon as we were able. The opportunity now presents itself, and we are happy in availing ourselves of it. In the volume of Public Characters, lately published by Mr. Phillips, we have the following:—

Mr. Addington, who was thus destined for the bar, might in time have obtained a silk gown, and

perhaps risen to the dignity of a Welch judge; but he soon found that a *wig of another kind* suited his head far better than that of the president of a provincial judicature: nor was he mistaken in his hopes. The brilliant career of his young friend already pointed to the first offices of the state, and Mr. Addington was *drawn up* to power and consequence in the vortex of his successful ambition.

We soon find him occupying a seat in parliament, declaiming against Mr. Fox's coalition with Lord North, opposing the India bill of that gentleman, and smoothing his friend's way, by an oily eloquence rather than a transcendent oratory, to the summit of power. No sooner was this attained on the part of Mr. Pitt, than Mr. Addington began to taste *those crumbs of comfort*, in the shape of official emoluments, which he is now enabled so plentifully to bestow: but a more lucrative situation awaited him, which, after a warm struggle, he obtained in 1789, in a manner highly honourable to himself.

Mr. now Lord Grenville, was at this period Speaker of the House of Commons; and it was deemed necessary that he should be elevated to one of the highest departments in the state. The friends of Mr. Addington immediately pointed him out as a proper person to succeed him. The Marquis of Graham accordingly, on Monday, July 8, 1789, after a high eulogium on his talents, moved "that he should take the chair." Sir Gilbert Elliot was proposed by Mr. Welbore Ellis, now Lord Mendip, and on the division the numbers appeared, for Mr. Addington 215, for Sir Gilbert Elliot 142—majority 73. Mr. Addington accordingly assumed the *insignia* of office: but, when he addressed the King on the occasion, he was pleased to observe, with becoming modesty, "that he felt himself unequal to the arduous task which the partiality of

that house had imposed upon him, and hoped his Majesty would be pleased, by his *royal disapprobation* of their present choice, to afford his faithful commons an opportunity of electing a person better qualified to discharge the duties of an office so important."

On the convocation of a new parliament, a few months after, Mr. Addington was unanimously re-elected, and the subject of the impeachment soon afforded a very apposite opportunity for the exercise of his talents and industry, more especially when the question was agitated, whether the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Esq. subsisted subsequent to the dissolution of parliament?

On the occasion, Mr. Addington evinced considerable ability, and clearly proved from public record, that impeachments did not abate by a dissolution of parliaments.

The late Speaker did not confine himself to what might be termed his *official duties*. He was always an active and efficient member when the house sat in a committee, and a chairman regulated the debates. Few subjects of great national importance but were canvassed by him on those occasions, and he must be allowed, in general, to have added great weight and importance to whatever side he adopted.

On the important subject of the slave trade, we find him busily employed, and lament that our limits prevent us from giving his opinion so fully as we could wish; we had occasion to notice him, however, in this particular, in our last, p. 248.

While Mr. Addington was distinguishing himself in the Speaker's chair, by the impartiality with which he regulated the debates, and the order and decorum with which he conducted the public business, an event no less sudden than extraordinary occurred, which produced a very material change in his situation. The event to which we now al-

lude, was the resignation of Mr. Pitt and his colleagues, a measure of a very ambiguous nature, and which has never yet been sufficiently explained. While all men were anxious to know who was to be the new minister, the public learned, with some degree of surprise, that Mr. Addington had been sent for by the King, and held daily conferences with his Majesty. This business was at first conducted with some degree of mystery, one of the royal family having lent his equipage, in order, if possible, to conceal the negotiation from the prying eye of curiosity. But this was of no avail, for it was soon rumoured abroad, and was not upon the whole unfavourably received, as Mr. Pitt's administration had of late years been supported by the *fears* rather than the *love* of the people.

The King's second alarming illness for a while protracted the retreat of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer; but, on his Majesty's convalescence, all the necessary arrangements were made, and every thing adjusted seemingly to the entire satisfaction of those who went out, as well as those who came in.

Mr. Addington having thus leaped from the Speaker's Chair to the Treasury Bench, the eyes of the whole nation became fixed upon him. It was hoped that, after a bloody and expensive war, some sincere and decisive measures would be taken in order to produce a peace; and it must be allowed, that the conduct of the new premier, in this instance, has given greater satisfaction, by its openness and candour, than the haughty behaviour of his predecessors.

Mr. Addington's first attempt in his financial capacity certainly did not come up to the expectations of the public, and the bill to disqualify the clergy from sitting in the House of Commons would have passed with a far better grace, had it not ex-

pressly precluded a man hostile to his principles, from opposing them in a public manner.

The present premier possesses great influence, in consequence of the excellence of his character, and the high respect he had acquired during the time he acted as a Speaker. His Majesty may be said to evince a *personal* attachment to him, and, if report be true, he has presented him with, and furnished for him, a house in Richmond park, in order to be near him at all times.

In private life Mr. A. is particularly amiable. He is a sincere friend, an affectionate brother, a kind father, and a tender husband. Possessing an ample income, and being but little devoted to expense, he cannot be supposed to be instigated by the sordid wish of creating a fortune for himself; and, as his connexions are all in affluent circumstances, he has no poor relations to provide for out of the public purse. On the other hand, it remains to be proved, whether his abilities entitle him to rank as a first-rate statesman; and a few years—perhaps a few months—will determine, whether the new minister be destined to confer glory or disgrace on the empire; to subvert or to restore the liberties of his country!

LIFE OF MRS. ROBINSON.

(Concluded from page 128.)

FROM the first entrance of our heroine into fashion and folly, (and passing over the various scenes of revelry and dissipation, in which she became a principal actress, until, by a continued series of extravagance, Mr. Robinson, finding his creditors inexorable, and fearing that he might endanger his personal liberty by remaining near London,) we trace the narrative to that point where he informed his wife that she must prepare herself

to accompany him to Tregunter, the residence of his father.

"I felt," says she, "a severe pang in the idea of quitting my adored mother at a moment when I should stand so much in need of a parent's attentions: my agony was extreme: I fancied that I never should behold her more; that the harshness and humiliating taunts of my husband's kindred, would send me prematurely to the grave: that my infant would be left among strangers; and that my mother would scarcely have fortitude sufficient to survive me. Then I anticipated the inconvenience of so long a journey, for Tregunter House was within a few miles of Brecon. I dreaded to encounter the scornful vulgarity and the keen glances of Miss Betsy and Mrs. Molly. I considered all these things—with horror; but the propriety of wedded life commanded the sacrifice, and I readily consented to make it.

With tender regret, with agonizing presentiments, I took leave of my mother and my brother. Such a parting would but mock the powers of language! My delicate situation, my youth, my affection for my best of mothers; all conspired to augment my sorrow.—but a husband's repose, a husband's *liberty*, were at stake; and, my CREATOR can bear witness, that had I been blessed with that fidelity and affection which I deserved, my heart was disposed to the observance of every duty, every claim which would have embellished domestic propriety.

We set out for Tregunter. On our arrival there, I instantly perceived that our misfortunes had outstripped our speed. Miss Robinson scarcely bade us welcome; and Molly was peevish, even to insulting displeasure.

Mr. Harris was from home when we arrived. But he returned shortly after. His greeting was

harsh and unfeeling. "Well! So you have escaped from a prison, and now you are come hereto do penance for your follies! Well! and what do you want?" I could not reply. I entered the house, and instantly hastened to my old chamber, where my tears gave relief to that heart which was almost bursting with agony.

Still Mr. Robinson conjured me to bear his *uncle's* wayward temper patiently. I did; though every day I was taunted with idle and inhuman questions: such as, "How long do think that I will support you? What is to become of you in a prison? What business have beggars to marry?" With many others, equally feeling and high-minded!

The mansion of Tregunter presented but few sources of amusement for the female mind. Mr. Harris had acquired a considerable fortune in trade, and however the art of accumulating wealth had been successfully practised, the finer pursuits of mental powers had been totally neglected. Books were unknown at Tregunter, excepting a few Magazines or periodical publications, which at different periods Miss Robinson borrowed from her juvenile neighbours. There was, however, an old spinnet in one of the parlours. Music had been one of my early delights, and I sometimes vainly endeavoured to draw a kind of jingling harmony from this time-shaken and neglected instrument. These attempts, however, frequently subjected me to insult. "I had better think of getting my bread; women of no fortune had no right to follow the pursuits of fine ladies. Tom had better married a good tradesman's daughter than the child of a ruined merchant who was not capable of earning a living." Such were the remarks of my amiable and enlightened father-in-law!

One day, I particularly remember, Mr. Harris had invited a large party to dinner, John and Charles Morgan, Esqrs. members of parliament, with an old clergyman of the name of Jones, and several others were present. I was then within a fortnight of my perilous moment. One of the company expressed his satisfaction that I was come to give Tregunter a little stranger; and turning to Mr. Harris, added, "you have just finished your house in time for a nursery."

"No, no," replied Mr. Harris laughing, "they came here because *prison doors* were open to receive them." I felt my face redden to scarlet: every person present seemed to sympathize in my chagrin, and I was near sinking under the table with confusion. Mr. Robinson's indignation was evident; but it was restrained by duty as well as by necessity.

The manor-house was not yet finished; and a few days after our arrival Mr. Harris informed me that he had no accommodations for my approaching confinement. Where was I to go? was the next question. After many family consultations, it was decided that I should remove to Trevecca-house, about a mile and a half distant, and there give to this miserable world my first born darling.

I removed to Trevecca; it was a spacious mansion at the foot of a stupendous mountain, which, from its form, was called the Sugar-loaf. A part of the building was converted into a flannel manufactory, and the inhabitants were of the Huntingdonian school. Here I enjoyed the sweet repose of solitude: here I wandered about woods entangled by the wild luxuriance of nature, or roved upon the mountain's side, while the blue vapours floated round its summit. O, God of Nature! Sovereign of the universe of wonders! in those interesting moments how fervently did I adore thee!

How often have I set at my little parlour window and watched the pale moonbeams darting amidst the sombre and venerable yew trees that shed their solemn shade over the little garden. How often have I strolled down the woody paths, spangled with the dew of morning, and shaken off the briery branches that hung about me. How tranquil did I feel, escaped from kindred tyranny, and how little did I regret the busy scenes of fashionable folly. Unquestionably the Creator formed me with a strong propensity to adore the sublime and beautiful of his works! But it has never been my lot to meet with an associating mind, a congenial spirit, who could, (as it were abstracted from the world,) find an universe in the sacred intercourse of soul, the sublime union of sensibility.

At Trevecca-house I was tranquil, if not perfectly happy. I there avoided the low taunts of uncultivated natures, the insolent vulgarity of pride, and the overbearing triumphs of a family, *whose loftiest branch* was as inferior to *my stock* as the *small weed* is beneath the *tallest tree* that over-shades it. I had formed an union with a family who had neither sentiment nor sensibility: I was doomed to bear the society of ignorance and pride: I was treated as though I had been the most abject of beings, even at a time when my conscious spirit soared as far above their powers to wound it, as the mountain towered over the white battlements of my then solitary habitation.

After my removal to Trevecca I seldom saw Miss Robinson or Mrs. Molly; Mr. Harris never called on me; though I was not more than a mile and a half from Tregunter. At length the expected, though, to me, perilous moment arrived, which awoke a new and tender interest in my bosom, which presented to my fondly beating heart my child,—my Maria. I cannot describe the sensa-

tions of my soul at the moment when I pressed the little darling to my bosom, my maternal bosom; when I kissed its hands, its cheeks, its forehead, as it nestled close to my heart, and seemed to claim that affection which has never failed to warm it. She was the most beautiful of infants! I thought myself the happiest of mothers: her first smile appeared like something celestial—something ordained to irradiate my dark and dreary prospect of existence.

Two days after my child was presented to this world of sorrow, my nurse, Mrs. Jones, a most excellent woman, was earnestly desired by the people of the manufactory to bring the infant among them: they wished to see the “young squire’s baby, the little *heiress* to Tregunter.” It was in vain that I dreaded the consequences of the visit, for it was in the month of October: but Mrs. Jones assured me that infants in that part of the world were very frequently carried into the open air on the day of their birth: she also hinted, that my refusal would hurt the feelings of the honest people, and wear the semblance of pride more than maternal tenderness. This idea decided my acquiescence; and my little darling, enveloped in the manufacture of her own romantic birth-place, made her first visit to her kind but unsophisticated countrywomen.

No sooner did Mrs. Jones enter the circle, than she was surrounded by the gazing throng. The infant was dressed with peculiar neatness, and nothing mortal could appear more lovely. A thousand and a thousand blessings were heaped upon the “*heiress* of Tregunter,” for so they *fancifully* called her: a thousand times did they declare that the baby was the very image of her father. Mrs. Jones returned to me: every word she uttered soothed my heart: a sweet and grateful glow, for the first time, bespoke the undescribable gratifica-

tion which a fond parent feels in hearing the praises of a beloved offspring. Yet this little absence appeared an age; a variety of fears presented dangers in a variety of shapes, and the object of all my care, of all my affection, was now pressed closer to my heart than ever.

Amidst these sweet and never-to-be-forgotten sensations, Mr. Harris entered my chamber. He abruptly enquired how I found myself; and, seating himself by the side of my bed, began to converse on family affairs. I was too feeble to say much; and he had not the delicacy to consider that Mrs. Jones, my nurse, and almost a stranger to me, was a witness to our conversation.

"Well!" said Mr. Harris, "what do you mean to do with your child?"

I made no answer.

"I will tell you," added he; "Tie it to your back and work for it."

I shivered with horror.

"Prison doors are open," continued Mr. Harris. "Tom will die in a gaol; and what is to become of you?"

I remained silent.

Miss Robinson now made her visit. She looked at me without uttering a syllable; but while she contemplated my infant's features, her innocent sleeping face, her little dimpled hands folded on her breast, she murmured, "Poor little wretch! Poor thing! It would be a mercy if it pleased God to take it!" My agony of mind was scarcely supportable.

About three weeks after this period, letters arrived, informing Mr. Robinson that his creditors were still inexorable, and that the place of his concealment was known. He was cautioned not to run the hazard of an arrest; indeed he knew that such an event would complete his ruin with Mr.

Harris, from whom he should not receive any assistance. He communicated this intelligence to me, and at the same time informed me, that he must absolutely depart from Trevecca immediately. I was still extremely feeble, for my mental sufferings had impaired my corporeal strength almost as much as the perils I had recently encountered. But the idea of remaining at Trevecca without my husband was more terrible than the prospect of annihilation, and I replied, without a hesitating thought, "I am ready to go with you."

My good nurse, who was a very amiable woman, and under forty years of age, conjured me to delay my journey. She informed me, that it would be dangerous to undertake it in my then weak state. My husband's liberty was in danger, and my life appeared of little importance; for even at that early period of my days I was already weary of existence.

On the succeeding morning we departed. Mrs. Jones insisted on accompanying me on the first day's journey. Mr. Robinson, my nurse, and myself, occupied a post-chaise; my Maria was placed on a pillow on Mrs. Jones's lap. The paleness of death overspread my countenance, and the poor honest people of the mountains and the villages saw us depart with sorrow, though not without their blessings. Neither Mr. Harris, nor the *enlightened females* of Tregunter expressed the smallest regret, or solicitude on the occasion. We reached Abergavenny that evening. My little remaining strength was exhausted, and I could proceed no further. However singular these persecutions may appear, Mr. Robinson knows that they are not in the smallest degree exaggerated.

After experiencing much embarrassment, the consequence of extravagance and fashionable folly, the stage appeared to be the only resource left; to

which Mrs. Robinson was advised by her particular friends, among whom was Mr. Sheridan. "At his earnest entreaties," continues she, "I recited some passages from Shakespeare: I was alarmed and timid; but the gentleness of his manners, and the impressive encouragement he gave me, dissipated my fears, and tempted me to go on.

Mr. Sheridan had then recently purchased a share of Drury-lane theatre, in conjunction with Mr. Lacey and Doctor Ford: he was already celebrated as the author of *The Rivals* and the *Duenna*, and his mind was evidently pourtrayed in his manners, which were strikingly and bewitchingly attractive.

The encouragement which I received in this essay, and the praises which Mr. Sheridan lavishly bestowed, determined me to make a public trial of my talents; and several visits, which were rapidly repeated by Mr. Sheridan, at length produced an arrangement for that period. My intention was intimated to Mr. Garrick, who, though he had for some seasons retired from the stage, kindly promised protection, and as kindly undertook to be my tutor.

The only objection which I felt to the idea of appearing on the stage, was my then increasing state of domestic solicitude. I was, at the period, when Mr. Sheridan was first presented to me, some months advanced in that situation which afterwards, by the birth of Sophia, made me a second time a mother. Yet such was my imprudent fondness for Maria, that I was still a nurse; and my constitution was very considerably impaired by the effects of these combining circumstances.

An appointment was made in the Green-room of Drury-lane theatre. Mr. Garrick, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Brereton, and my husband, were present; I there recited the principal scenes of *Juliet*, (Mr. Brereton repeating those of *Romeo*,) and Mr. Gar-

rick, without hesitation, fixed on that character as the trial of my *debut*.

It is impossible to describe the various emotions of hope and fear that inspired my mind when the important day was announced in the playbills. I wrote to the Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth, informing her of my purposed trial, and received a kind letter of approbation, sanctioning my plan, and wishing me success. Every longing of my heart seemed now to be completely gratified; and, with zeal bordering on delight, I prepared for my approaching effort.

Mr. Garrick had been indefatigable at the rehearsals; frequently going through the whole character of Romeo himself, until he was completely exhausted with the fatigue of recitation. This was only a short period before the death of that distinguished actor.

The theatre was crowded with fashionable spectators; the Green-room and Orchestra (where Mr. Garrick sat during the night) were thronged with critics. My dress was a pale pink satin, trimmed with crape, richly spangled with silver; my head was ornamented with white feathers, and my monumental suit, for the last scene, was white satin, and completely plain; excepting that I wore a veil of the most transparent gauze, which fell quite to my feet from the back of my head, and a string of beads round my waist, to which was suspended a cross appropriately fashioned.

When I approached the side wing my heart throbbed convulsively; I then began to fear that my resolution would fail, and I leaned upon the nurse's arm, almost fainting. Mr. Sheridan and several other friends encouraged me to proceed: and at length, with trembling limbs and fearful apprehension, I approached the audience.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE;
OR,
THE VISION REALIZED.

She comes, benign enchantress, heaven-born PEACE,
With mercy beaming in her radiant eye!
She bids the horrid line of battle cease,
And at her glance the savage passions die!
Tis *Nature's festival*: let earth rejoice,
Vanquish'd and conqueror, pour exulting songs,
In distant regions with according voice,
Let MAN the vict'ry bless—its prize to MAN belongs!

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

WHY should WAR for ever desolate the earth, and render men, who are capable of such pure and friendly affections, so hostile to each other? Oh! why should those powers of mind, which, if directed to the cultivation of the arts of peace, would be productive of social delight and social comfort, become the sources of misery and ruin? Wherefore should one nation endeavour, even at the risk of its own tranquillity, and at the certain loss of heaps of its treasure and multitudes of its most valuable lives, to invade the boundaries and seize the possessions of another? How long shall this criminal cupidity, this impious thirst of power, this insatiable spirit of grasping at every thing continue? Have the children of men ceased to be mortal, or are their powers of enjoyment so enlarged that nothing short of what will last for ages, and supply the wants of thousands, seems sufficient to satisfy the cravings of each individual? Infatuated, short sighted men! when will your guilty folly subside.—What calamities must ye endure ere the voice of reason can be heard—and

those arms, which are died in mutual blood, be wrested out of your hands. How long will it be before your minds will be so enlightened by the pure and benevolent precepts of Christian Philanthropy, that it will not be in the power of a few crafty, ambitious, unjust, self-interested, and sanguinary men, to drag you to mutual destruction! How long must two ingenious and gallant nations, whose union would be productive of such incalculable benefit, and whose example might charm the world to peace, be separated from each other! In the hearts and wishes of a great majority of the inhabitants of each they are friends already—O, why must the pride, the hatred, the profligacy of a few individuals force them to be enemies? Sacred liberty—thou art the birthright and the blessing of every human being—but when have thy banners been unspotted with blood—where have thy triumphs been wholly uncontaminated with injustice and oppression? And must it for ever be thus? Surely not. Father of the Universe! Is there not a season coming, in which the mists of sensuality and selfishness shall be dissipated; in which the human mind, free from the tyranny of its unjust and ignoble passions, shall assert its divine origin, and delight in spreading all around it the empire of righteousness and love. Then dear, sacred, venerated liberty! thy triumph shall be compleat—it will be the triumph of intellect and philanthropy—it will be dishonoured by no deed of injustice—it will be dimmed by no tear of distress—it will be wounded by no chain of oppression. Mind and body will be equally emancipated. The palm of religion and the olive of peace will be twined for ever around the lance of true freedom!

It was thus, that on the night of the *third of October* last, unable for a long time to sleep, at the heart-withering prospect of protracted hostility be-

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tween *France* and my *Native Country*, I vented my feelings, when, at length, *Morpheus* prevailed; and an interesting slumber continued the subject of my waking thoughts.

Methought I was alone upon the summit of a lofty mountain; at first all was dark, and the air felt so sharp and biting, that I shivered with cold as well as fear, for I had no knowledge of the place where I was. I wished greatly for shelter, but I was terrified at every step I took, as I knew not to what it might conduct me. I found I was descending, but I had not gone far before some low groans reached my ear, these in a short time increased; and my alarm rose so high, that my progress was effectually stopped. I found I was not far from the sea—for the sullen monotonous roar of the waves sounded in my ears—some broken sentences of most melancholy import at times reached me—and I longed for the light, that I might sooth, if possible, what I found were the wailings of bitter distress—even dark as it was, I bent my course towards the point from whence the voices came—I soon stumbled at something, and I found it was a dead body—by a natural instinct, I started back, and my foot slipping I fell to the ground, and my stretched-out hand pressed upon another cold human form. Almost petrified with terror, I rose as quickly as I could; still I could see nothing, but the voice, with which I was now become almost familiar, again, in fainter accents, exclaimed—“O, thou Judge of the Universe, forgive thy wretched creature for all the violence with which he has been chargeable—the weight of blood lies heavy on my soul—what had the poor innocents, whose blood I have been the instrument of spilling, whose peaceful labours I have interrupted, or in whose bosoms I have planted daggers that will torture them as long as life endures—what injury had

they done to me! none, none—I never knew them! and cursed be the hour when I consented to quit my peaceful home, to hurl misery and death upon multitudes who had never injured me. O glory, what a deceitful phantom art thou—I now see thee in thy proper shape; and thou art a highwayman, a barefaced robber, and a murderer. O, gracious Heaven, visit not upon *my parents* and *my babes*, the wretchedness I have brought upon others!” This soliloquy of remorse and death, which was often interrupted with pauses, and groans of anguish, was scarcely finished, when the light began to appear, and I saw at a little distance the wretched object from whom it proceeded—he was a subaltern officer, in the prime of life—he had several terrible wounds, and when I approached him his eyes were fixed, his lips moved, and he was evidently anxious to have said something to me, but it was too late; for the hand of death was pressing hard upon him, and in a few moments he was a breathless corpse. The morning now came on apace; the ground was covered with an hoar frost, and the whiteness which glittered around, rendered the streams and puddles of blood, which were still almost running, more terribly distinct. It was with the utmost difficulty that I could support myself in the scene of carnage with which I was surrounded, almost as far as the eye could reach, the vestiges of a destructive engagement was visible! Men and horses lay scattered, and in groups, more or less numerous, over a vast space of ground—several ditches were filled with human carcases—and the manner in which many of them, who had perished in the hottest of the combat, were pierced and galled, afforded a fearful spectacle. A few were still breathing, but the keen frost penetrating into their wounds, forbid all hopes of recovery—the groans which I had heard at first grew fainter every mo-

ment, and at length all were hushed, not a sound was heard, and the silence of the sepulchre stilled the field of death. It was now broad day, and at a considerable distance the ruins of a large village were still smoking; in a little time, from the demolished walls, which had separated gardens from the public road, and from many of the half consumed dwellings, at first a few, and, by degrees, a considerable number of wretched figures made their appearance. Fear was in every pale countenance, and horror, as they advanced to the scene of carnage, was visible in every eye. Melancholy, indeed, was the spectacle that followed—parents, with tears of agony, hung over their murdered children—lovely virgins sought, in the heaps of death, those gallant youths whose vows of affection they were never more to hear—and young widows, with little infants in their arms, came to gaze, for the last time, upon faces which had long been dearer than any earthly object to them.

“O, ye barbarians!” exclaimed a beautiful female, whom a lovely little boy was vainly endeavouring to soothe, and to lead away, “Cursed be the day, when, with cowardly arms, ye disturbed our guiltless village. May the vengeance of Heaven overtake your piratical sails, and the plunder that your superior forces have enabled you to carry off, be a dead weight upon your course—not even the minister of religion could escape your fury; blameless as a child was the man whom you murdered, with the messages of peace and submission on his lips.” I turned towards the sea as she spoke, and saw at a distance a number of vessels, whose masts only were visible in the horizon; but by the empty trunks and boxes, and various articles of cloathing and furniture, which were broken and scattered along the beach, I beheld another proof of the miseries of war: and of the wanton havoc

that so often attends the progress of an army. My heart sickened within me, and my thoughts were busy, arraigning the ways of Providence, and daring to call in question the equity of that righteous administration, which admits into its plan such evils as those I had witnessed.

But, in an instant, the sky, which had lowered with black clouds, and from which I expected the thunder every moment to burst, cleared up; a mild celestial light, which exceeded in softness, while it equalled in splendor, the blaze of the meridian sun, shone round about me—all at once my ears were charmed with heavenly music, and greeted with a distant but joyous shouts! I turned about, and my astonishment, for a moment, deprived me of the power of attending to what I saw. The hill which I had descended was gone—the ample plain, which was expanded till the distance rendered every object obscure, was broken into a multitude of parts, arable and pasture lands were beautifully intermingled; innumerable flocks and herds covered the latter, and in the divisions of the former a luxuriant harvest waved its golden burden, and bowed almost to the earth with the weight of its ears. Instead of streams of blood, currents of the purest water meandered through the meadows. The heaps of dead, and the melancholy groupes that were wandering among them, were all vanished. The ruined village had given place to a town, in which every mark of prosperity was visible; and over the whole landscape were scattered hamlets and detached houses, in *all* of which neatness and comfort, and in *some* of which proofs of wealth and splendour were apparent. All was in motion, and even the birds of the air seemed to partake of the general delight, their various notes was heard in every direction; bands of labourers, were faces of health and content, swarmed around; the reapers, with shining sickles, invaded

the rich harvest, and field after field fell before their sturdy strokes; groupés of women and children roved along the fields, sported in the public paths, and, void of all apprehension, joined in the lively dance, and while they inhaled the breezes of health, proclaimed in the most expressive manner the blessings of liberty and peace!

A croud now appeared, advancing from the entrance of the town, as it approached the objects gradually became distinct; in the middle of it I perceived a regular procession, it was headed by a youth bearing a banner, on which was a beautiful dove descending from heaven with an olive branch in its mouth, and on a flying scroll these words, *The festival of Peace!* A great number of young men succeeded, marching four abreast, and bearing a multitude of warlike instruments—a band of music followed—then a body of beautiful young women, all dressed in a simple uniform of white, their hair wreathed with olive, and from small baskets which they held in their hands they scattered a variety of flowers as they went on; these were designed as a compliment to a long train of aged men and women, who marched next, and contemplated with grateful pleasure, the latter part of the path of life strewn with flowers by their own offspring—the next party which appeared was an interesting one indeed, it consisted of a great number of healthy laughing infants and children, carried in the arms of their mothers, sisters, and nurses; and happily intimated how, by the wise appointment of heaven, infancy treads on the heels of old age, and that though individual existence is constantly decaying, the species remain in full vigour from one generation to another. Another band of music succeeded, and was followed by a number of ministers of religion, directing, at proper intervals, the gratitude of the day, to its grand and ultimate object, the

ETERNAL FOUNTAIN OF LOVE AND PEACE! A long train of the magistrates and principal inhabitants of the place, before whom, on a carriage drawn by oxen, was a fine olive tree prepared for planting in the earth, closed the procession. A vast multitude, of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes, attended its progress, and with every demonstration of joy joined in the hymns of peace, which were chaunted as it moved along. The whole body approached the place where I stood; an altar of green turf was soon erected, the banner which had led the procession planted in it, and the young women approaching in order to deposit round it their baskets and their flowers. They stood in a circle round the altar, and, while the music played a solemn symphony, they formed with incredible dispatch a number of flowery wreaths. The old people now drew up in a circle likewise, and, upon a signal given, as they marched slowly round, each had a chaplet of flowers placed on their heads by the fair hands which had formed them, while every voice united in singing—

Respect to age, when youth bestows,
With rapture every bosom glows,
And grateful in the eye of heaven,
Are honours thus to parents given!

This was a part of the ceremony almost too interesting for some that were engaged in it to bear—the delight which many of the parents felt at being thus publicly honoured by their children, was so great, that had not their feelings been relieved by showers of tears, they could not have continued the march—and never did many of those lovely forms, who were engaged in this part of the ceremony, appear so transcendently beautiful, as when, with trembling hands, they placed the garlands on the heads of their parents. The happy circles now

blended together, stood in ranks on each side of the altar, and the division of infants and children approached; each child had a small sprig of olive in its hand, and as it passed the altar, it threw it at the dove; those that were able joined their little hands, and as the music which accompanied them played the most simple and lively tunes, almost every little frame acknowledged the animation it felt; their eyes sparkled, their cheeks glowed, and their little limbs in the most sportive and artless manner kept a sort of wild time to the sounds which they heard—again the chorus was full, and every voice repeated—

Age of innocence and love,
Sacred to the peaceful dove:
Long may your happy bosoms know,
What heart felt joys from virtue flow!

As time rolls on, and days increase,
May heaven confirm the reign of peace!
And when *our* heads in earth shall rest,
May you and yours be good and blest!

The circles on each side of the altar now removed to a greater distance, and the last part of the ceremony began; the young men who had brought the warlike instruments advanced to the middle of the area, and opening to the right and left, the ministers of religion came forward and laid the first billets of a pile, which was soon encreased to a considerable magnitude by the contributory pieces of the magistrates, and the numerous train which followed them—every spectator, that was furnished for the purpose, and could get near enough, was eager to add a stick to the burnt-offering—when it was properly disposed, the bearers of the warlike implements, marching to the sound of every musical instrument that was present, surrounded the pile, and hurled upon it in the most promiscuous man-

ner, swords, spears, shields, helmets, guns, bows and arrows, standards, pikes, axes, and every ancient and modern implement of destruction to which war had given birth—a universal shout attended this action—and when silence was restored, one of the priests, a man a little beyond the middle of life, whose countenance was full of intelligence and benevolence, stepped forward, and in a short harangue expatiated upon the injustice and misery of war in general, and upon the frivolous and criminal causes to which most particular wars are to be ascribed—"Let us hope," said he, "that this night of ignorance and barbarity is for ever closed—that the children of men from this moment will be too enlightened, and too virtuous, to seek for individual honour and happiness at the dreadful price of general injustice and murder. God of Peace! accept the offering that we now make at thy altar.—May the flames which are about to consume these instruments of death, burn up at the same time those prejudices and passions by which they have been fabricated—as the smoke into which this pile of destruction will soon be dissipated, may those be scattered who delight in war!—may their place upon earth be no more found—and, warm as the flame which is now about to aspire to heaven, may the purest affections of benevolence and virtue glow in the bosoms of all thy offspring!" The conclusion of this address was the signal for those who had been lighting their torches to apply them to the pile; a number of persons, selected from all the divisions of the procession, engaged in this expressive emblem of their abhorrence of war, and their unfeigned joy at the restoration of peace. Old men and women, young men and maidens, magistrates and ministers of religion, fathers of families, and those who had not yet encircled themselves with the nuptial tie, even several young children were in-

structed how to set fire to that pile, in which it was ardently hoped that war might perish for ever. The pile had been so judiciously disposed, that the air had free circulation, the blaze therefore soon became strong and general—an immense column of smoke rose in the air—bright were the flames which darted their wavy spires beneath it—one after another the implements of destruction sunk in the midst—the banner, with the dove upon it, was carried with enthusiasm round the circle, by those who had kindled the fire—universal acclamations accompanied its progress—the bands of music all struck up, and an appropriate overture preceded the following choral hymn—

Hence for ever, God of war,
Ruthless desolating power!
Drive from earth thy bloody car,
Cease on human bliss to low'r!

Perish the destructive blade,
Cannons cease your horrid roar;
Deep in earth be lances laid,
Deadly bullets hiss no more.

See the crackling flames ascend,
Shouts of rapture rend the sky:
Power of death! thy glories end,
Hence to hell for ever fly!

Burning cities mark thy sway,
Helpless orphans strew the ground,
Widows tears bedew thy way,
Childless parents groan around.

Every useful art retreats,
Frighted at the loud alarms;
Genius and science leave their seats,
Withering at the din of arms!

Higher, see, the flames ascend,
 Louder raptures shake the sky ;
 Power of death ! thy triumphs end,
 Hence to hell for ever fly.

Soon after this hymn was finished, almost every stanza of which was interrupted with the mingled emotions of grief at the calamities of war, and joy that they were terminated, the pile and all its contents were consumed ; the ashes that remained were swept into a pit, which had been prepared for the purpose ; and a deep hole being dug upon the spot, the olive tree was planted, amidst the acclamations of the whole assembly—this was followed by another Lyric effusion, the chorus of which was repeated by every voice.

Blest offspring of th' eternal king !
 Celestial Peace from heaven descend ;
 To earth unfading olives bring,
 And wide thy numerous gifts extend !
 From famine, and from fear set free,
 Our lightened hearts with rapture bound ;
 Power of Peace ; thy votaries see !
 And spread thy blissful empire round !

CHORUS.

May bands of virtue, truth, and love,
 From this blest hour unite mankind ;
 On Freedom's cap still sit the Dove,
 And round it Peace her olives bind !
 Sweet Peace, where'er thy footsteps come,
 All nature feels the general tread ;
 Fresh springing flowers before thee bloom !
 And groves of fruit behind thee spread !
 The loves and graces in thy train,
 Revive, and cheer our drooping souls ;
 The desert grows a fruitful plain,
 And full the stream of *plenty* rolls !

CHORUS.

May bands of virtue, &c.

Religion pure and undefil'd,
Now shed thy brightest beams abroad!
From error free the human mind,
And lead it to its parent GOD!

Thus be thine empire, heavenly *Peace*,
Fix'd firm in every human soul;
With time's swift lapse thy power increase,
And on to endless ages roll!

LAST CHORUS.

May freedom's cap still bear the dove,
With never fading olives twin'd,
And from this hour the reign of love,
Ensure the bliss of all mankind!

The loud and universal shout which succeeded the singing of this Ode, was too powerful for sleep to bear—I awoke—the sun was shining full in at my windows, a confused murmur of voices rose from the street, and the bells of the church, which was at no great distance from my habitation, were ringing so as to rock the old steeple. I rose in haste to enquire what was the matter, and my ears were soon greeted with the delightful sound of *PEACE. Peace between England and France!* I was scarcely dressed before my neighbours almost broke into my house to wish me joy. Judge, Mr. Editor, of my extreme delight, when I thus found what I had just before considered only as a desirable *vision*, turned into a substantial *reality*. I have no doubt but you will sincerely unite your wishes with mine, that this Peace may begin a new order of things in the world; may the principles of general liberty, separated from selfishness and licentiousness, every where operate, and carry forward with increasing rapidity the general melioration of

mankind! Success to every enlightened, honourable, and benevolent measure of the kingdom of Great Britain and the Republic of France! May there be no emulation between these great communities, but that of wise and virtuous spirits; no contest, but which shall most speedily and effectually civilize and bless the world!

FATHER OF THE UNIVERSE! (should the progress of thine all comprehending plan *now* permit,) crown this event with thy highest blessing, and render it the happy beginning of ETERNAL AND UNIVERSAL PEACE!

Sidmouth, Nov. 14, 1801.

E. B.

THE BEGGAR'S TALE.

(Concluded from Page 169.)

ONE morning the violence of the disorder unexpectedly seemed to abate, and she sunk into a gentle slumber. Our hopes upon this were revived; and we anxiously watched over, pleasing ourselves with the idea that the fever had exhausted itself, and that she would again recover to gratify our ardent prayers.

After some hours of undisturbed repose, she awoke tranquil and serene, but exceedingly feeble and emaciated. Perceiving us standing around, she desired to be raised up in her bed, and making us sit down beside her, she begged our attention for a few moments, as she knew her end was approaching. Seeing our tears falling, she entreated us to compose ourselves, and not to sorrow on her account; that she was about to leave the world; indeed, a world of trial and misery, where no unsullied happiness could be expected; but that she was going to a better country, where she would one day meet us, never to be separated, or to sorrow more. She desired to bless heaven, that had

granted her such an opportunity to part with her dearest friends; she thanked me in the tenderest terms for my paternal care.

She consoled Henry for their luckless love, and told him he might yet rejoice with some happier maid; but she hoped that the memory of the unfortunate Maria would not be altogether ungrateful to his breast.

She grasped Amelia's hand, as a token of her sincere forgiveness; congratulated her upon her reconciliation to virtue, and recommended her to our kindest friendship.

She then delivered some general instructions, in a high strain of sublime piety; took leave of us in a language that still vibrates in my ear; and concluded with a short but fervent address to the Almighty Father of Spirits. She then wished to recline upon the bed. Henry supported her till the pillows were adjusted: she made an effort to clasp him in her feeble arms. He pressed her softly to his bosom; and in this affecting posture she breathed her last.

Thus died Maria, and with her fell all my prospects upon earth. So much were we overwhelmed with grief, and so listless to every concern, that we were only just able to order a decent funeral, and to accompany her remains to the grave.

I am now arrived, sir, at a striking period in the history of my misfortunes. You are doubtless surprised at the minute particularity with which I recounted every circumstance of it, and displayed every feeling and sentiment of Henry's mind; but well may they be engraven on this heart, for they have been the subject and the solace of many an after hour. Besides, when I repeat my story to others, especially to the young and inexperienced, humanity admonishes me to warn them to beware of similar dangers. Let them reflect on Henry's

generous soul, but lamented unwariness, and learn the value of circumspection. Let them consider the instrument of all his sorrow, and avoid the false allurements of beauty; and know how to respect female honour, and a virtuous woman, for her price is above rubies.

Yet, let me here, for the sake of those who are now no more, endeavour to wipe away that odium which is too universally thrown upon the sex. To their arts are ascribed the guilt, the infamy, and the ruin of many a hopeless youth; and the libertine, while he sneers at their misfortunes, brands their degraded names with epithets too black for horrific fiends. But stand forth, ye vile accusers, and muster in your train all those virtuous and innocent minds which you have enticed to the paths of vice; confront us with these, and, if you have one spark of modesty, be silent. Spare your reproaches, be merciful at least to yourselves, and do not divulge your own infamy. Learn the story of any miserable and prostituted female: was she not ruined by the duplicity and faithlessness of man? Such was the fate of Amelia, who was the daughter of a respectable Scottish clergyman, and might have lived happy and useful, had she never known the falsehood of a gaudy, but unprincipled, baronet in the neighbourhood. Hear this, and erect your crests, ye libertines! let your triumphs be splendid, as your conquests are glorious; and still advance the dignity of your natures, by rendering infamous what you have already rendered miserable. Yet, amid all your gaiety, do not banish the reflection, for be assured, it will be the constant companion of your days of disease and disgrace—

That all your woe—shall be repaid by woe.

Let me, therefore, exhort you, my young friends, to esteem and embrace prudence, as the first of vir-

tues; nor disdain the advice of a man, whose counsels age has rendered venerable, and whose remarks are stamped with the signature of experience.

The remainder of my story shall be contained in fewer words. In the former part, indeed, the hand of fate is discernable; in the latter it is much more conspicuous. After Maria's death, so weaned was I from the world, and so disgusted with all its enjoyments, that I threw up my commission in the army; and saw the troops embark for America, without a wish to accompany them. I next went to Amelia's relations, but I found that both her parents had died soon after her unhappy elopement. She, therefore, resolved to remain with us, rather than to hazard herself again amidst the snares of a precarious and deceitful world.

Henry sent a long and mournful account of the whole transaction to his friends; and we all agreed to pass the remnant of our lives in some country, far distant from this land of woe.

We accordingly took our passage in a merchantman bound for the East Indies, but we were only advanced a small portion of that tedious voyage, when coming up with an African pirate, after a short resistance we were all taken prisoners, and our ship sent to the bottom. Here we were stript of our clothes and money; and our owner hastened to dispose of us to a private dealer, who had authority to offer us for sale in the public market. From this terrible idea we were soon relieved by a still more terrible reality. Two days after the capture of our vessel, we were chased by an Algerine rover, and the pirate, knowing himself to be inferior in strength, crowded sail, with a hope to escape. Finding, however, that this was impossible, we made a desperate resistance, but being overpowered by numbers, we were at last overcome, and loaded with irons in our ship. Next day, the

haughty and licentious captain came on board to inspect the value of his prize. Pride sat enthroned on his forehead, and lust swelled in his eye. Could the distinguished beauty of Amelia escape his observation? No; she was destined to be the victim of his brutal appetites; and the rest of us were condemned to the galleys. When he sent his slaves to convey her on board his magnificent barge, never was separation more awful or interesting. Our bosoms were too full to utter the distracting farewell! Speechless she took her leave, and speechless we beheld her depart.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,

I saw her breast with every passion heave;

I saw her torn from every earthly friend,

Oh! my hard bosom that could bear to leave!

We had, however, afterwards, the consolation to know that Providence interfered in her cause, that the justice of heaven had arrested the villain before he found means to execute his infamous designs; of which event, Amelia, taking the advantage, made her escape, and retired to a distant convent, where she past the remainder of her days in penitence and peace.

As for us, the hand of pity shrinks to pourtray our miserable condition. If you want a picture of the galleys: let the emaciated frame, the haggard countenance, the wretched rags, the scanty fare, the heavy irons, the cold and dark lodging, be first delineated. Add to these the confused murmur, that arises from the sighs of the agonized, the groans of the dying; the prayers and tears of some who repine at Providence, and wish for death; and the turbulence of others, who quarrel about the very offals, to protract their existence; the sound of the whip, the clinking of the chains, the dashing of the oars, the whistle of the boisterous winds,

and the hollow cadence of the waves. Over all, let the scoff of pride, and the insolence of despotic power predominate, surrounded with every other species of misery which imagination can invent, and you have but an incomplete picture. To our lot, however, some comfort was still attached, and, it was our fortune to be linked to the same galley, and thus we had it in our power to talk over past misfortunes, and to enjoy the sad luxury of mutual tears.

Henry's mind was not long capable to endure such hardships: he, therefore, fell a sacrifice to external barbarity; and inward langour, a secret sorrow, preyed upon his spirits, and in a short time exhausted the springs of life. He had always a taste for poetry, and the productions of his earlier and happier years, were celebrated for vivacity and wit: but all his performances were now imbued with a gloomy dye; plaintive numbers alone flowed from his tongue; and many an hour did he spend in company with the melancholy muse, the kind soother of his weary nights.

What he contrived to commit to paper, I received at his death, and have been so fortunate as ever since to preserve. To you, sir, I am afraid, they will appear to possess little merit; but my attention they never fail to attract, for every image recalls a thousand circumstances to my mind, and officious recollection confers new beauties upon every sentiment. They do not, indeed, display that variety of thought, splendour of imagination, or pomp of epithets, which are the general characteristics of modern artificial poetry: for as the elegiast sweetly says—

“ Grief unaffected, suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.”

I shall read one of the shortest of them, which he composed on seeing a Scotch vessel homeward bound, sailing from the Bay of Algiers, in a fine summer day.

SONNET.

1.

Soft swells the billows of the azure main,
On the bright waves the solar glories play,
While yonder vessel plows the watery way,
And to its native shore returns again.
No traces of the furrowing keel remain,
On the smooth surface of the level deep;
Did man's soft breast—ah! fruitless wish, and vain!
No longer traces of misfortune keep!
As transient were chequer'd life's embittering woes,
Did sharp affliction's painful wounds as gently close!

2.

In yon gay ship, perhaps some wretch is borne,
With happy speed, convey'd by gentle gales,
To scenes of infancy, and native vales,
From misery's rude embrace for ever torn.
Oh! how his panting throbbing bosom swells,
When waving prospects, long to memory known,
Gay childhood's sportive bowers, he gladly hails,
And home's sweet comforts deem'd for ever gone,
When round him throng, with eager gaze, and
starting tear,
The long lost relative, and old companions dear.

3.

Me far, alas! from Scotia's flow'ry plain,
Her balmy shades, and native wild wood green;
Where many a happy day the muse hath seen
The fates confine in misery and pain.
Yet when the clouds of eve the sphere o'ershade,
And slumber mantles o'er the weary head,

Fancy alive, as boreal vapours light,
To well known vallies wings its eager flight;
Still holds, entranc'd, sweet converse 'mid the
 gloomy groves,
Still cherishes old friendships, or awakes old loves.

4.

Fresh to my mind, the days of peace revive,
Methinks Maria bids me welcome there ;
Clasping my hands, you gave my soul to live,
In strains divine, exclaims the happy fair.
Thrice happy thought ! but, ah ! what forms ap-
pear !

Oh! conscience, will thy ruthless hand bereave
My soul of every joy;—full many a tear,

Alas! how fallen—no more—'tis mine to grieve.
Parents with grief oppress'd, a maid forlorn, I see,
Each slowly treads, and says—You ruin'd me.

After Henry's death I was left alone, and exposed to all the assaults of affliction, but I was a hoary veteran in the service of misery; and over my head care, not time, had long since shed "untimely snow."

As I had now no companion, who had been a sharer of my griefs, or to whom I could communicate them, my sensibility became quite dominant, and the softer feelings of my soul began to rust, if I may use the expression, for want of exercise. I enjoyed a kind of sullen quiet, equally remote from pleasure and from pain; and nothing but the dread of the cruel scourge, or the cravings of hunger, roused me from my apathy. After I had remained in this state for some years, my grey hairs and wrinkled forehead excited the compassion of a generous Scotch merchant, whose business led him often to traverse the quays, to which our galleys were moored.

Having addressed himself to me, he no sooner learnt my country and my name, than he instantly left me, but returned about an hour afterwards, along with the superintendant; who gave orders that my chains should be immediately knocked off. My generous benefactor then told me, that he was no stranger to my rank and misfortunes, and that I was now my own master; adding, that if I chose to return to my native country, I might accompany him thither, as a passenger on board his vessel; if not, he had some little money at my service, to convey me to any region, whither I might incline to retire.

The grateful heart can best conceive my acknowledgements; I thankfully accepted his first proposal, and in a few days we set sail for Britain. The face of the ocean was smooth, the sky was azure, and the voyage uncommonly pleasant. I now thought that the storms of misfortune were blown over, and that the evening of my life would close tranquil and serene. But not such the decree of fate. We were just off the Land's End, when night came on, and being perfectly secure in a gentle breeze, we resolved to lie by till next day, when we should sail up the channel at our leisure. But before midnight the atmosphere began to thicken, utter darkness soon take place, and one of the most tremendous storms ensued that perhaps ever agitated that narrow strait. The captain gave orders to stand out to sea; but, in such a desperate condition, the sailors paid no regard to his injunctions; and, amid the unhappy confusion, the ship suddenly struck upon a rock, and in a moment burst in twain. Fate now stared each of us in the face. It was ours either to meet death upon the wreck, or to precipitate ourselves into the yawning deep. Among the first class was the worthy, the compassionate captain.

Although my life had been far from happy, yet seizing an oar, I resolved to struggle hard to preserve it. After a severe and tedious conflict with the waves, I was taken up in the morning by a small fishing boat, and again landed upon my native shore, friendless and forlorn. As I was now left to wander at large, without an hospitable roof under which to shelter, or a cottage that I could call my own, I first bent my steps towards London; and resolved to visit the grave of my poor Maria, to water it with my tears, as the only tribute I could pay to her beloved memory. I thought I could distinguish the spot from the surrounding tombs, and the green grass turf, with which I myself covered her lovely head. But so often had the shovel, by the unfeeling sexton, turned over the lifeless mould, that all the objects upon which my remembrance had fixed, were gone. In vain did I look for the once well-known tomb, but no traces of it remained; every thing was new to me; and, instead of weeping over the ashes of my much lamented daughter, I dropt a few tears among the undistinguished ruins, as I mused on the frailty of human life, and that oblivion which involves the memory of mortal man. My wandering at last led to the boundaries, of what were once the boundaries of my own estate; but the banker, to refund his property, had long ago sold it to a penurious miser, whose only pleasure seemed to be the amassing of sordid wealth. A dire reverse had here taken place; the gay splendour of my mansion was fled; the plough had furrowed up the pride of my gardens; and my flowery walks and shady arbours had felt the force of the unfeeling hatchet. A gloomy silence seemed to warn the passing traveller, and needy vagrant, not to approach this inhospitable mansion. One little grotto, in the depth of the wood, alone remained. It was composed of

roots and branches of decayed trees, over which Maria, (for it was her favourite retreat), had interwoven eglantine and ivy. Here I spent a solitary day in reviewing the past, and meditating upon the instability of human grandeur—a meditation which often occupies my thoughts, and still beats in unison with the feelings of my mind. Since that time I have roamed whithersoever chance led me, subsisting upon the bounty of the generous and compassionate. Often do I retire to groves and forests, to indulge my contemplations; and in such a condition you found me lately, nor will you, I hope, impute my intrusion into your inclosure to any worse motive.

Thus, sir, have I told you my story in all its particulars. You behold before you, a wretch destitute of money, and of friends; who has been the sport of fortune, and the child of hatred, ever since he was truly capable to relish either its joys or sorrows. Look then at my hoary locks, and judge if I have been a transient companion of woe. Look at my tear-furrowed cheeks, and say if my grief has not been poignant. Behold these tattered rags, for they proclaim my poverty; and this bending frame is a speaking monument of the devastations of age. There lives not a man upon earth, whose assistance I can claim by the ties of consanguinity. Not a drop of my blood runs in human veins; no tear will bedew my grave. I will not flourish in my descendants, nor will my memory live in the hearts of a grateful offspring.

Man! unhappy, helpless sufferer, who would not weep for thee! Thy life is but an hand-breath, yet it is the stage of misery in all its forms.

Birth's feeble cry, and death's deep dismal groan,
ome weary days between—ah me! 'tis done.

PHILANTHROPOS.

AN EXCURSION

THROUGH THE COUNTY OF KENT,

Made at different times, but concluded in the month of July, 1801,
in Three Letters to a Pupil.

By JOHN EVANS, A. M.

*Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's-Row
Islington.*

—————O famous Kent!

What county hath this Isle that can compare with
thee!

That hath within thyself as much as thou canst wish
Nor any thing doth want that any where is good.

—————DRAYTON.

—————*Letter 3d.*

—————(Concluded from page 276.)

CROSSING the country from Hythe towards Ashford, we are at no great distance from the seat of the late eccentric *Lord Rokeby*; a man who will always be esteemed for his talents and virtues, by the more discerning part of society. His long beard—his frequent immersions—and his hoarding up money in specie, form indeed traits in his character which cannot fail to excite our risibility. But forgetting these singularities, let it be remembered, that he was a firm friend to the *liberties of his country*.

Having travelled about twelve miles, we enter the town of *Ashford*—it is rendered the more lively by being a thoroughfare from several parts of Kent. The houses are mostly modern, and well built. The market-place stands in the centre of the town, and the church on the south side of it has a beautiful tower. Barracks have been lately built here, which will contain a great many soldiers. Several genteel families reside in Ashford and its vicinity.

Tenterden, the next town we reached, has many genteel houses, and stands in a pleasing situation. Its appearance, however, is very scattered. Great part of it is built on each side of the high road leading from the western parts of Kent. It has a market on Friday, though not much frequented. The church is a large structure, with a lofty steeple—on the top of which hung, till within these few years, a beacon, which was an object of curiosity. It was a sort of iron kettle, containing about a gallon, with a ring or hoop of the same metal near the upper part of it, to hold still more coals, rosin, &c. suspended at the end of a piece of timber about eight feet; it made a singular appearance, but aided the mariner amidst the dangers of his perilous navigation.

There is a noted saying, that—*Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands*. It arose from the circumstance that the owner of the rectory of *Tenterden* engaged in building the steeple, neglected the repair of a wall on the sea coast, so that the ocean breaking in, covered the land with a light sand—now called the *Goodwin Sands*—on which many a vessel has been consigned to destruction.

At *Tenterden* there are several Dissenters, particularly a respectable society belonging to the Presbyterian persuasion.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the celebrated American philosopher, used frequently to visit *Tenterden*, during his stay in this country. To his discoveries in electricity we are indebted for an ingenious mode of preserving our habitations amidst the rage of contending elements—

With a spark that he caught from the skies,
He display'd an unparallel'd wonder!
For we saw with delight and surprise,
That his *rod* could protect us from THUNDER!

His moral maxims also, entitled *Poor Richard*, constitute a fund of instruction to the rising generation. He died at Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. His style, formed on that best of models *Addison*, is distinguished by an elegant and impressive brevity.

Travelling onward eight miles, we arrive at the town of *Cranbrook*, situated in the centre of the Weald of Kent. It is on the road leading from Maidstone, by Stylebridge into Sussex. It consists chiefly in one long street—and many of the houses having trees before them, this rural decoration produces on the mind of the stranger a pleasing impression. The church, near the centre of the town, is large and handsome—consisting of three aisles and three chancels. The east window is full of stained glass—and the figures are embellished with highly ornamented drapery. This church contains a great curiosity—a large *dipping place* is to be seen, in which persons, agreeable to the primitive mode, are to be immersed on the profession of christianity. The common prayer book enjoins immersion, provided the subject can bear it—but this injunction is at present shamefully neglected. The churchyard contains a great many graves, and among others, the grave of Mr. *Robert Noyes*, a singular character, though little known to the world. He had been the minister of a dissenting congregation in Cranbrook for many years, with great acceptability. His talents were good—and in early life was much esteemed by his connections. But in the latter part of his career he became extremely imprudent, and died in great obscurity. He was indeed generously assisted by a brother, and treated kindly by several of his townsmen. But it was grievous to behold a man of his abilities and education thus fallen from the pinnacle of usefulness and respectability. He published a poem, en-

titled *Distress*, possessing great merit — besides pieces in prose of considerable ingenuity. The *Distress* closes with these pathetic lines—

Farewell, ye sublunary scenes and sad,
Hung round with 'scutcheons, and in mourning
clad!

Where cruel wars and ghastly famine rage,
And sudden sweep life's temporary stage;
Where pale disease destructive pow'r assumes,
And fills the world with hospitals and tombs;
Where pains the body rack—the limbs distort,
And fix their arrows in the sicken'd heart;
Where poignant grief o'erwhelms the human mind,
Robs it of reason, and distracts mankind;
Where hope by disappointment's dagger bleeds,
And woe to woe with speedy step succeeds;
Where poverty stalks forth in all her gloom,
And leads her children pensive to the tomb;
Where *death*, the monarch of this tragic scene,
With rage insatiate, and with poignard keen,
Spreads ruin wide—and when the TYRANT calls,
The drama closes, and the curtain falls!

Once more, ye sublunary scenes, farewell,
I'm warn'd to quit you at each solemn knell,
Dull world, and sage! of *thee* I take my leave,
Form'd to distress, disquiet, and bereave:
Let others fawn, and pay their court to thee;
Thou hast no friendship—thou no charms for me!
Gay world to some—to *me* sad world adieu!
Till the LAST DAY shall break with GLORIES new!

At Cranbrook there are three dissenting places of worship, all well attended—one for the Independents—another for the Calvinists—and a third for the General Baptists, who are numerous in this part of the country. The house in which this latter denomination assembles is old, and profusely decorated with passages of Scripture. A new struc-

ture, however, is in contemplation. May the venerable Pastor experience in his latter days an increasing degree of usefulness and satisfaction! To him, and other friends at this place, I feel indebted for their generous hospitality.

There used formerly to be many of that worthy class of people the Quakers, at Cranbrook, and a meeting house still remains which belongs to them, and is occasionally visited by them.

Nor must we omit to mention, that there is an endowed grammar-school of reputation in this little town, which cannot fail of being serviceable to the younger glasses of the community.

Cranford is noted for having been the spot where the cloathing business was originally concentrated. Here the Flemings settled in the reign of Edward the third. To this manufacture the ancestors of many wealthy families owe their elevation. Mr. Hasted says, they were usually called, from their dress, *the grey coats of Kent*, and were so large a body, that at county elections, whoever had their interest, was almost certain of being elected. Such, however, is the instability to which all human things are exposed, that this manufacture has removed itself almost entirely to distant parts of Britain.

Glastonbury, in the vicinity of Cranbrook, is well worth the inspection of the traveller—and several characters have flourished there, distinguished for their virtue and piety.

In the year 1768 died at Hawkhurst, near Cranbrook, *Dr. Nathaniel Lardner*, an eminent dissenting minister, and justly distinguished for his invaluable writings in behalf of christianity. He has been emphatically termed "the Prince of Modern Divines." His memory ought to be held in grateful remembrance by every part of the religious community.

From Cranbrook we pass over to *Tunbridge Wells*—on the way we meet with *Penshurst Park and Palace*, marked by the most beautiful rusticity. The palace is memorable, by having been the seat of the *Sydnies*. Sir Philip, the author of the *Arcadia*, was born there 1554, died of a wound in Holland. Camden calls him the glory of his family, the hope of mankind, and the darling of the learned world! His descendant, the famous Algernon Sydney, perished most unjustly on the scaffold, in the reign of Charles the Second. In the park the oak, said to be planted at Sir Philip Sydney's birth, measures upwards of twenty-two feet in circumference. It is celebrated by Waller, the poet, in these lines, dated from Penshurst—

Go, boy! and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth—when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That *there* they cannot, but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love!

TUNBRIDGE WELLS lies in a romantic situation, between hills, whose very barrenness constitutes the peculiarity of the scenery. The water was accidentally found out in the reign of James the First, and ever since that period has been increasing in celebrity. The well itself is walled round, excepting the opening where we enter it. The shops on each side, in the valley, extend themselves in succession. They are filled with various articles, particularly turnery ware, wrought with every species of ingenuity. A library also presents itself for the improvement of the subscribers. In the center of these buildings is a small gallery, designed for an orchestra, where a band of music at stated times play for the amusement of the company. Here is a chapel of ease, neat and spacious

—also places of worship for the Dissenters. The adjacent hills are covered with lodging-houses—are known by the names of Mount Sion, Mount Ephraim, &c. appellations which are taken from sacred history. Perhaps they were first adopted merely for the sake of singularity. Not far from these wells are tremendous rocks, well worth inspection. The great and good Dr. Isaac Watts, who visited this place, was so struck with their appearance, that he preached a sermon with reference to them. From this theme he has drawn some awful topics of instruction.

From the *Wells* to the town of Tunbridge the distance is about five miles, on a very sandy road. They are often confounded together, but are perfectly distinct, and therefore call for a separate description.

The town of *Tunbridge*, thirty miles from London, stands on the *Medway*—here dividing itself into five small streams, over which there are as many bridges, whence many suppose the name *Town of Bridges* is derived. Upon a spacious wharf lies a vast quantity of oak timber, brought from the *Wealds* of Kent and Sussex, till it can be conveyed down the river to Chatham, for the use of the navy. The principal street is broad and airy—and several persons of genteel fortune have been induced to settle in so pleasant a situation. The castle, now in ruins, bears a venerable aspect—and formerly its walls inclosed six acres of ground. In the town is a handsome free grammar school, founded by Sir Andrew Judde, who was Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Edward the Fifth—it is under the management of the Skinner's Company, some of whose members occasionally visit it. Its present master is the ingenious Dr. Vice-simus Knox, who, by his *Essays*, his *Winter Evenings*, his *Treatise on Education*, and other publica-

tions, has attained to a high reputation in the literary world. He politely accompanied me through the several departments of the seminary—which were neatly laid out, and the library enriched with beautiful editions of the classics, was decorated with the busts of Homer, Virgil, Cicero, together with those of other celebrated characters of antiquity. It remains that I just mention the church, a large handsome building, having a square tower at the west end. Within its walls is a neat white marble monument to the memory of the celebrated actress, Miss Anne Elliot, who died 1769, aged 26; the inscription is elegant and spirited—

Of matchless form adorn'd, with wit refin'd,
A feeling heart, and an enlighten'd mind;
Of softest manners, beauty's rarest bloom,
Here ELLIOT lies, and moulders in her tomb.
Oh! blest with genius—early snatch'd away,
The muse, that joyful mark'd thy op'ning ray,
Now, sad reverse! attends thy mournful bier,
And o'er thy relics sheds the gushing tear!
Here fancy oft the hallow'd mould shall tread,
Recall *thee* living, and lament *thee* dead;
Here friendship oft shall sigh, till life is o'er,
And death shall bid thy image charm no more!

Did we pursue the *direct* road to London, we should pass through the small town of *Seven Oaks*; in a healthy and pleasant situation. On the left, beyond the town, is to be discerned *Chevening-House*, the seat of Earl Stanhope, well-known in the political world. The country all along boasts a fertile soil, and is enriched by the finest rural scenery.

But it is now time to bend my course towards *Maidstone*, at the distance of about fifteen miles from Tunbridge, and on my way thither we observed *Mere-worth-House*, the seat of Lord le De-

spencer. It was built after the plan of a gentleman's villa near Vendee, and is elegantly designed. The interior is decorated with many beautiful paintings, and the situation yields a fascinating variety.

My approach to *Maidstone* could not fail of giving rise to agreeable sensations. Here, amidst a circle of kind and intelligent friends, many vacations have frequently passed away, and here I had now left my *little family*, to whom I was about to return with renewed satisfaction—

Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast survived the fall!
Tho' few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect,
Or temper, sheds into thy chrystal cup!

COWPER.

Having already, in a letter of some length, described the pleasant and populous town of *Maidstone*, I shall beg leave my young friend, only to add a few particulars on the present occasion.

The central situation of MAIDSTONE renders it extremely convenient for the transaction of county affairs. The election of representatives in parliament occasions a great bustle whenever it occurs; whilst the assizes, held here twice every year, draws a vast number of persons from every part of the county. The gaol for debtors and felons is a strong building, but not being sufficiently capacious, the erection of another is in contemplation. A gentleman residing in the town very obligingly introduced me to Mr. *Watson*, the keeper of the prison, who has held the office for many years, and demeaned himself towards the prisoners with great humanity. "Virtue," says Dr. Johnson, "is un-

doubtedly most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult, and therefore the *humanity* of a GOALER certainly deserves public attestation. The man, whose heart has not been hardened by such an employment, may be justly proposed as a pattern of benevolence." By the permission of Mr. Watson, we went over the prison, which was in a very nice condition. On the debtor's side we observed a court, where they are all allowed to range, the sides of whose walls were chequered by the rough figures of a horse-race, which had a most singular appearance! They were drawn, we were told, by a blacksmith, who being confined here for twelve months, thus beguiled the tedious hours of his imprisonment. He reminded me of the man in the Bastile, who either in picking up pins, which he had scattered over the floor, or in reckoning the nails with which the door of his cell was studded, backwards and forwards in every direction, found a never-failing source of amusement. The felon's side was somewhat crowded, being on the eve of the assizes—a period to which some of the prisoners must have been looking forward with a trembling anxiety! There are two *dungeons*, one for the men, the other for the women, into which we descended by eleven steps. These are small dark rooms, with an iron ring in the center, to which the poor wretches are fastened, when destined to fall a sacrifice to the avenging laws of their country. With what emotions of grief must the victim enter this dreary abode! With what agonizing sensations is he dragged forth, and consigned over, with circumstances of ignominy, to the awful realities of eternity! The frequency of capital punishments, however, defeats the ends of justice, by brutalising the lower classes of the community. To prevent rather than punish crimes, should be the study of every well constituted legis-

lature. A plan of this kind, ably carried into execution, would diffuse the most beneficial effects throughout society. For crimes committed in London and Middlesex alone, from 1749 to 1779, a period of *thirty* years, *nine hundred and fifty one* died by the hands of the executioner—*eighty-nine* only of these unhappy creatures were guilty of murder—the only just cause for which life should be taken away. During the same period, beside the above executions, upwards of *five thousand* were doomed to transportation! Surely such a statement argues either an excessive severity in the nature of our laws, or a most alarming depravity in the manners of our country. See *Howard's State of the Prisons in England and Wales*; a work which reflects immortal honour on his memory!*

During my stay at Maidstone, one of the volunteers died; on a Sunday evening he was interred with the usual solemnity. The crowds of people pouring from almost every quarter—the corpse, borne on the shoulders of his comrades, with the accoutrements of the deceased lying on the coffin, the band of music playing in those mournful strains, which are suited to the occasion, and the volun-

* Taking a period of twenty-three years, from 1749 to 1771, it is remarkable, that of the 120 sessions at the Old Bailey, in the fifteen years of peace, (eight in a year) only *one* was *maiden*—and of the sixty-four sessions in the eight years of war, nine were *maiden*—so that it becomes us at *this period*, to guard with a more than ordinary vigilance, against the depredations which may be committed on the community. What a pity! that some mode could not be hit upon, whereby our soldiers and sailors, laying aside their idle habits, might return as good citizens into the bosom of the community.

teers marching slowly with their arms inverted, rendered the funeral interesting to a mind disposed for reflection. The stillness of the evening, which was considerably advanced, heightened the scene! whilst the setting sun indicated the certain termination of all human glory!

In about a week after, my young friend, I, with my little family, left Maidstone and set out for the metropolis. The road, thirty-five miles in length, is not only good but pleasant, exhibiting throughout the fertility of an highly cultivated country. *Wrotham*, the first stage, is charmingly situated. The church is a venerable structure—and the living one of the richest in the kingdom. Close to the inn, about two or three years ago, Colonel Shadwell was shot dead by a deserter—and by a small stone placed in the wall, this disastrous event is commemorated. The hill above the village commands a most extensive prospect over Maidstone Down, even to the Weald of Kent—chequered by a luxuriant profusion? Nor must we forget to remark, that the hop plantations form a prominent feature in the landscape—

——“On Cantium’s hills

—The flow’ry hop, whose tendrils climbing round
The tall aspiring pole, bear their light heads
Aloft in pendant clusters—which in the malt’s
Fermenting tuns infus’d, to mellow age
Preserves the potent draught!”

Our next stage was *Farningham*, where we dined—its situation is rural—a fine clear brook runs close by the door of the inn, on the surface of whose stream the scaly tribe are occasionally seen playing with their characteristic agility! The church at some little distance, has a rustic appearance; and, from the stones in the church-yard, which contains a mausoleum, it appears that several persons have

been brought hither for interment. Here I strolled for a quarter of an hour, till dinner was ready. There is a strange propensity in most individuals to frequent the repositories of the dead—

I pass with melancholy state,
By all these solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as soft and sad I tread
Above the venerable dead,
“Time was—like me, they life possess’d,
And time shall be—when I shall rest!”

PRIOR.

We again resumed our journey, and passing *Foot's Cray*, the last stage, a retired spot, we reach *Eltham*, a small but neat village in the vicinity of Shooter's Hill. Its church contains the remains of the pious and amiable Dr. George Horne, Bishop of Norwich, whose *Commentary on the Psalms*, together with his *Sermons*, have proved an acceptable present to the christian world. His *Female Character*, drawn with exquisite ability, in one of his Discourses, has been much and justly admired. In that sketch, indeed, he has paid a just tribute of praise to that sex, whose mild virtues contribute so essentially to the happiness of mankind.

We quickly after enter *Deptford*, which has been already described, and driving through part of the overgrown metropolis alighted at *Islington*. Thus, my young friend, have I endeavoured to conduct you through the principal places in the county of Kent. Should you receive only half the pleasure from this imperfect narrative, which I experienced from the journey itself, it will gratify in no small degree,

Your affectionate tutor,
Pullin's Row, Islington, JOHN EVANS,
Nov. 21, 1801.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, &c.

To Enigmatical List of living Poets.

- | | | |
|-------------|--|--------------|
| 1. Rogers. | | 3. Hunt. |
| 2. Sotheby. | | 4. Campbell. |



** To Enigmatical List of Deceased Poets.*

- | | | |
|----------------|--|---------------|
| 1. Shakspeare. | | 10. Gray. |
| 2. Milton. | | 11. Gay. |
| 3. Pope. | | 12. Addison. |
| 4. Dryden. | | 13. Swift. |
| 5. Thomson, | | 14. Butler. |
| 6. Young, | | 15. Falconer. |
| 7. Akenside. | | 16. Cowper. |
| 8. Parnel. | | 17. Beattie. |
| 9. Goldsmith. | | |



REBUS.

1. Reap.—Pear.



QUERIES.

1. Because he is learning.
2. Pike.
3. The one supports his arms, the other's arms support him.
4. Because the *belles* are *wringing*.

* In our last, p. 280, for *quiver*, read *quaver*.

Enigmas for Solution.

BY MR. SELWYN.

1.

From lower worlds I take my flight,
 Almost beyond the strength of sight,
 And fain would touch the azure skies,
 So high doth mad ambition rise—
 Though proudly thus in clouds I soar,
 (I owe that flight to human pow'r,)
 Yet restless something still to gain,
 Which, if by chance I should obtain,
 My high blown pride itself destroys :
 Emblem of man's uncertain joys ;
 To you, ye proud, I leave my fame,
 For while you live I have a name.



2.

To give you the name of a small market town,
 Of whose neatness there much has been spoken,
 Take the ablative case of the Latin for *bridge*,
 And five-sevenths of the Latin for *broken*.



BY ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

3.

As late absorb'd in thought I sat,
 When eve had clos'd the day,
 There straight appear'd a modest fair,
 With aspect bright and gay.
 Her form was deck'd with wond'rous art,
 In robes of purest white—
 Her face the lily would outvie,
 She seem'd some airy sprite.
 With pleasure I beheld the fair,
 And bid her with me stay—
 Methought she frown'd—but with a touch,
 The gloom was chac'd away.

Chearful she smil'd, and long remain'd,
 Devoid of boding fear—
 Yet, strange to tell, she like a shade !
 Did silent disappear.

The Cabinet of Birth.

Here let the jest and merry tale go round.

JESTS OF HIEROCLES CONCLUDED.

A MAN being to go with his whole family to sea, was very busy in making his will, and observing his servants in some anxiety about their danger, cried out to them—“ *Do not be concerned, boys, for I have given you all your freedom if we should happen to be drowned !*”

Another observing how apples were shaken by the wind from the tree, goes to another tree, where sparrows were perched, and laying a sheet under it, began to shake it with all his strength, in hopes of catching them.

Another having received a letter from his friend, with a request that he would buy him some books, neglected the affair, and, by way of excuse, said, when he met his friend—“ I am sorry that I never received the letter which you wrote to me about the books.”

EPIGRAM.*

Girls oft have been caution'd 'gainst *swallowing pins*;
 Let them list to a friend who ne'er wheedles ;
 And, unless they are willing to smart for their sins,
 Let them be still more cautious of *needles*.

* In allusion to Mrs. Billington's late indisposition.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR DECEMBER, 1801.

ODE TO HEALTH.

Non est vivere, sed valere vita.

MARTIAL.

DAUGHTER of industry, fair health !
Thou greatest blessing man enjoys ;
Thou'rt not obtain'd by princely wealth,
By luxury, or revel noise.

To peasants mean, to rustics rude,
Thou deign'st thy influence to impart ;
By thee, they earn their daily food,
Thy presence cheers their gladsome heart.

See! on the bed of sickness lies,
The man unfriended and forlorn ;
Mark ! how he rolls his haggard eyes,
His pallid frame with anguish torn.

To him would death a welcome prove,
A remedy for all his ills ;
A life like his, ah ! who could love,
But death his painful torture stills.

Then hail, fair health ! thou goddess, hail !
From penury a sure defence ;
For what does luxury avail,
If e'er thy smiles are banish'd thence.

ON MY CHILD'S ILLNESS.

WAK'D from balmy soft repose,
By an only daughter's cries,
Frighted, I from bed arose,
Sought the cause with anxious eyes.
Struggling with disease, I view'd
(Life's delight, my darling child,)
Motionless, aghast I stood,
With distress and sorrow wild.
Thought returning, swift I flew—
Aid most skilful to procure;
When we enter'd—none she knew,
Senseless was the suff'rer poor.
Who can paint the parent's woe?
As beside their child they knelt?
Fruitless trial—none can know,
Save kind parents, what they felt.
Scarlet hues her flesh bespread,
Short she breathes the tainted air—
Delirium distracts her head,
Fixt her eyes with horrid glare.
God of mercy, help my child!
Each fond parent wildly cries—
From his throne th' eternal smil'd,
Heard our pray'rs, and hush'd our sighs,
Cherub hope, at his command,
Wipes away our flowing tears,
Health now softly takes her hand—
Lessen'd are our boding fears.
Blissful sight—ah! see the smiles—
Mother, Father, now she calls—
Past, thank heav'n, are our toils,
Care no longer life appals.

J. S.

IRREGULAR SONNET.

QUICK, o'er the wintry waste, dart red-wing'd
 shafts,
 Bleak blows the blast—now howls—then faintly
 dies—

And oft upon its awful wings it wafts
 The dying wanderer's distant feeble cries.

Now, when athwart the gloom gaunt horror stalks,
 And midnight hags their damned vigils hold,
 Ill-fated Edwin, 'mid the wild waste walks,
 And ponders on the ill's life's paths unfold.

Mindless of dangers hov'ring o'er he goes,
 Insensible to ev'ry outward ill—

Yet oft his bosom heaves with tort'rous throes,
 And oft big tears adown his worn cheek trill.

Ah! 'tis the anguish of a mental sore,
 Which gnaws his heart, and bids him hope no more.

Nottingham.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

ON WINTER.

THE smiling summer days are fled,
 The fruitful autumns gone :
 Cold winter now, with hoary head,
 Reigns on his ebon throne.

What devastation has he made,
 Since he assum'd his seat ;
 The gay creation he has laid
 Dead at his awful feet.

Where are the vernal beauties gone,
 The glory of the spring ?
 Where are the charming songsters flown ;
 They quite forget to sing.

Where are the gentle western gales ?
 I ask, alas ! in vain ;
 No more shall they refresh the vales,
 Nor cheer the toiling swain.

Stern winter, with his chilling blast,
Has blown them all away;
And laid the whole creation waste,
Which late appear'd so gay.

Such is the winter of old age;
And soon he will arrive,
And kill, with unremitting rage,
Whate'er he finds alive.

The young, the healthy, and the gay,
Must soon before him fall;
Kings on their thrones his hand will slay:
He triumphs over all.

What must be done? submit, improve
The dispensations giv'n,
Then shall we rise to realms above,
And share the bliss of heav'n.

No hoary age, nor winter there,
Our comforts shall destroy;
But blooming spring through all the year,
And universal joy.

Barton, Dec, 4, 1801.

z.

A DREAM.

ONE summer's day, with heat oppress'd,
In the cool shade I sate to rest,
The rustling trees, the bleating sheep,
Compell'd my wearied mind to sleep.
Methought an unknown sound I heard;
When lo! the gates of heav'n appear'd;
And straight, from the celestial arch,
The deities in order march.
Humility with modest pace
Came first; then *Truth* with open face,
And fair *Sincerity* pass'd next;
And *Misery* with cares perplex'd.
Ambition then, with lengthen'd stride,
Aims to be first; then follows *Pride*.
Next calm *Contentment* passes by,
And tranquil *Ease* with placid eye.

Then *Fancy* mounts her dazzling car;
 While *Pleasure* follows from afar :
 The goddess *Luxury* she leads,
 Thro' all her flow'ry paths and meads.
 Pale *Famine* follows in the rear,
 And *Penury* attends her near.
 Next white-rob'd *Innocence* appears,
 While blithsome *Joy* her hand upbears.
 Then thoughtful *Melancholy* comes,
 And downcast musing far she roams,
 Last *Justice* follows far behind,
 The joy and blessing of mankind.
 The gate is shut—no more they beam,
 “ I ’woke—and lo ! it was a DREAM.”

ON HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS, celestial maid,
 O'er my heart thine influence shed—
 Deign, oh ! deign, thine aid impart,
 And keep me void of glare and art.
 Would you know where she is found,
 Where with peace she loves to dwell :
 Far from noise and busy sound,
 In the cottage and the dell.
 Seek her not in gilded roofs,
 Nor in palaces of state—
 Happiness you seek in vain,
 If you seek her with the great.
 Seek her not among the crew,
 Who with bumpers drown their care.
 Her delight is with the few,
 Who love peace and please the fair :
 Come thou, whose smiles beguile each hour,
 Whose voice can cheer me eve and morn,
 For thee I'll deck my verdant bower,
 And pluck a flower from every thorn.

M. A.

LINES

On the Death of General Sir Ralph Abercromby.

MUTE, mem'ry stands, at valour's awful shrine,
In tears Britannia mourns her hero dead;
A world's regret, O! Abercromby's thine,
For nature sorrow'd as thy spirit fled!

For, not the tear that matchless courage claims
To honest zeal, and soft compassion due,
Alone is thine—lo! o'er thy sacred manes
Each virtue weeps, for all once liv'd in you.

Yes, on thy deeds exulting I could dwell,
To speak the merits of thy honor'd name;
But ah, what need my humble muse to tell,
When rapture's self has echo'd forth thy fame?

Yet, still thy name its energies shall deal,
When wild-storms gather round thy country's sun;
Her glowing youth shall grasp the gleamy steel,
Rank'd round the glorious wreaths which thou hast
won!

Barnards Inn, Dec. 1801.

T. G***.

LINES

On the Death of a Young Lady.

GO, hapless sufferer, doom'd on earth to know
A long succession of unvaried woe,
Now rest in peace, and from the realms of day,
The storms and tempests of this world survey.
Tho' human praise can never touch thee more,
Nor human censure, on that heavenly shore,
Now reach thine ear, shall no memorial save,
Thy christian virtues from the closing grave—
No friendly hand, with due remembrance turn,
To drop one flower on thy untimely urn?
Yes, let my feeble muse record thy worth,
In strains as transient as thy life on earth—

Tell the warm love, that in thy bosom grew,
 E'en when the world, and all its hopes, withdrew.
 I feel thy feverish hand still press'd on mine,
 I see thy glistening eyes expressive sigh—
 Catch the low voice that wishes, but in vain,
 To tell how gratitude can conquer pain.
 That time I oft remember—('twas the last,
 That e'er upon your face these eyes I cast)—
 While yet the merry bells, with mingling sound,
 Jocund proclaim'd returning Peace around,
 I breath'd a wish, that thou too hadst the power
 To share with millions in that festive hour—
 Then didst thou feel thy lingering pains beguil'd,
 And rais'd once more your languid head, and smil'd,
 Heard the loud shouts of bliss without alloy,
 And join'd, exulting, in the general joy—
 Your noble thoughts, in fond affection kind,
 You turn'd upon the world you left behind—
 With heartfelt pleasure saw war's ravage cease,
 And bless'd your God that you had liv'd till peace—
 That life's faint lamp prolong'd its glimmering ray,
 Till the bright dawn of that auspicious day,
 When gladness sparkled from ten thousand eyes,
 And calm'd the mother's fears, and stopt the widow's
 cries,

VERITAS.

THE PARTRIDGE.

THE partridge, at the peep of early dawn,
 Out of the covert of the bow'ring hedge,
 Where, 'mid the moss, and hazle leaves she slept,—
 With watchful eye, and list'ning ear, invites
 Her offspring to pursue her wary steps,
 As o'er the stubbled field she takes her way
 To pick a breakfast from the scatter'd grain:
 And, if the sound of either man or dog
 Be nigh, with silent speed extends her wings,
 To shelter them from evils that approach.
 If silence fail to shield them from the foe,
 With flut'ring wings she upwards boldly springs,
 Warns them to hide from the surrounding harm,

Beside the ridges of the furrow'd ground.
 Indulgence mild! Sweetly maternal care!
 So does the parent treat her infant child;
 Guards when he sleeps, instructs him when he wakes;
 Cautions his feet 'gainst ev'ry latent snare;
 And for her love expects obedience meet.

Near Sittingbourn.

G.

LOVE AND TIME.

BY THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

LOVE was a little blooming boy,
 Fond, innocent, and true;
 His ev'ry smile was fraught with joy,
 And ev'ry joy was new.

Till stealing from his mother's side,
 The urchin lost his way,
 And wand'ring far o'er desarts wide,
 Thus weeping pour'd his lay:—

O Time! I'll dress thy locks of snow
 With wreaths of fragrant flowers,
 And all that rapture can bestow,
 Shall deck thy fleeting hours.

But for one day, one little day,
 Thy wings in pity spare,
 That I may homeward bend my way,
 For all my wreaths are there.

Time, cheated by his tears and sighs,
 The wily God confest,
 When soaring to his native skies.
 He sought his mother's breast.

Short was his bliss, the treach'rous boy,
 Was hurl'd from clime to clime,
 And found amidst his proudest joy,
 He'd still the wings of Time.

Literary Review.

Works of the late Dr. Benjamin Franklin, consisting of his Life, written by Himself; together with Essays, Humourous, Moral, and Literary, chiefly in the manner of the Spectator. In two Volumes. Jones.—Hatchard. 2s. in boards.

FEW men have attained to greater celebrity, either as a statesman or as a philosopher, than the American sage, Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. He was truly eminent, both for the talents he displayed, and for the virtues he all along exhibited. The old and new world have paid due homage to his memory.

His *Life* and *Essays* form the contents of the two volumes, which are printed with great neatness and accuracy. The portrait prefixed is a most admirable one—there we perceive that strong and manly sense by which the productions of FRANKLIN are characterised. Indeed, it is the most elegant edition we have seen, and will, we doubt not, obtain an extensive circulation.

The piece on *White-Washing*, now added for the first time to his works, has every internal mark of authenticity. There is a fine spirit of humour running through it—it is indeed a satire on the practice of *White-Washing*, prevalent amongst the Americans—when the lady of the house assumes the sole empire of domestic affairs—the lord and

master is put to flight, and all things are turned topsy turvy, in order to accomplish this annual purification!—There is also a letter, by way of answer, from a lady, but really written by the same hand—and replete with humour. They are both in Franklin's best manner—with the eccentricities of the picture here pourtrayed, we were indeed much amused. *Such scenes* constitute the light and shade of domestic harmony.

Arithmetical Questions, on a new Plan, designed as a Supplement to the Author's engraved Introduction to Arithmetic, and intended to answer the double purpose of Arithmetical Instruction and Miscellaneous Information; to which are subjoined Observations on Weights and Measures, with a complete Collection of Arithmetical Tables. Also a copious Index of Persons, Places, and Things, occasionally treated of or mentioned in the Work, for the use of Young Ladies. By William Butler, Teacher of Writing, Accounts, and Geography, in Ladies' Schools and in Private Families. The third Edition enlarged. Mawman.

THE great utility of Arithmetical Exercises, and the dryness which attends their progress, are truths which cannot be disputed. Mr. Butler, however, has attempted in the present work, to render the science of numbers agreeable even to youthful minds. The information which the author pours forth on every question is highly gratifying to the curiosity—and converts the uninteresting detail of pounds, shillings, and pence, into a most delightful source of entertainment. This volume, therefore, cannot fail of proving a very acceptable present to the rising generation.

We, indeed, know of no book equally adapted to lead on the pupil with success in this species of

intellectual improvement. Mr. B. seems to have ransacked every quarter for information—and his pages may be said to teem with variety. This indirect mode of communicating knowledge is sure of finding access to the mind—and has with writers of education been always a subject of commendation. We wish the ingenious and active author of the present work every possible success. May the pains he has taken in this, as well as his other productions, meet with an ample remuneration.

History of the Rebellion in Ireland in the Year 1798; with an Appendix to illustrate some facts. By the Rev. James Gordon, twenty-five Years an Inhabitant of the County of Wexford. Hurst. 8s.

THE late rebellion in Ireland forms a melancholy subject for the historian—few insurrections have been more stained with blood. Such tumults are deplored by all the friends of peace and humanity.

In the work before us, we believe the author has discharged his office with fidelity. He enters with a spirited brevity into the causes, progress, and consequences of the rebellion—states with freedom his remarks on the principal events, and concludes with many excellent reflections. The cruelties of the lower classes of the *Catholics* engaged in the insurrection are almost incredible. We turn with horror from the scene! Let us bless heaven that our island has not, in our days, become the theatre of CIVIL COMMOTION. It is the greatest curse which can befall a community.

The Nonconformist's Memorial, being an Account of the Lives, Sufferings, and printed Works of two thousand Ministers ejected from the Church of England, chiefly by the Act of Uniformity, August 24, 1662. Originally written by Edmund Calamy, D. D. Abridged, corrected, and methodised, with many additional Anecdotes, and several new Lives. By Samuel Palmer. The second Edition. In three Volumes. Embellished with Heads of the principal Divines, chiefly from Original Pictures. Vol. 1st. Button and Son. 9s. 6d.

THE copious title page of this work sufficiently explains its contents; and it is impossible for the pious and liberal mind to peruse it with indifference. It details the cruel effects of persecution. We would fain believe that the world is too enlightened and benevolent ever to repeat the tragedy. But it is proper to be on our guard; and it is fit that such examples of patient and conscientious suffering should beget in us a detestation of bigotry, and a generous regard for the interests of pious individuals.

Select Amusements in Philosophy and Mathematics, proper for agreeably exercising the Minds of Youth, translated from the French of M. L. Despiou. With several Corrections and Additions; particularly a large Table of Chances or Odds at Play. Kearsley. 5s. 6d. in boards

THE ardour with which science has been prosecuted in modern times, has produced a variety of discoveries, which constitute a never failing source of amusement. Not only our own countrymen, but also foreigners, have distinguished themselves by their researches—the investigation of

knowledge is a joint concern—it is indeed of universal obligation.

This publication contains a collection of problems for solution, and of experiments, for the entertainment of a very instructive and impressive nature. We have no room for specimens; but may just remark, that the volume is accompanied with a strong recommendation from the celebrated mathematician, Dr. Hutton, of Woolwich; this will be sufficient to the readers of our Miscellany.

Letters on Education. By Miss Hamilton, Author of the *Memoirs of Modern Philosophers*, &c. Robinsons.

THIS enlightened female has laid before the public several little works, which have been well received. Having been encouraged by her former efforts, she proceeds with a commendable zeal in the great task of improving mankind. The subject of education has been hackneyed—but yet there are certain branches which remain in a state of imperfection. It is possible, that minds variously constituted may throw light on topics which require illustration—and surely, in so important a business as that of training up youth—every ray of wisdom should be thankfully admitted and improved.

As Miss H. means to pursue the subject, we must suspend a final judgment till the whole plan be completed. In the mean time, we must express our hearty approbation of what has been accomplished. On many subjects we were happy to perceive that she observes a just medium between Miss More and Miss Edgeworth. On the topic of religion in particular, she exhibits neither the spruceness of the one, nor the indifference of the other.—

With Miss H. we are of opinion, that youth should be trained up from their early years to a manly, rational, and chearful piety.

The Encyclopedia of Wit. Philips. 6s. in boards.

THIS pot-bellied volume may, by some, be deemed a dear pennyworth; yet it certainly contains a vast quantity of anecdotes; many of which will entertain the vacant mind. There are times in which the most serious want recreation, and to such the book may prove useful. We wish such anecdotes and sayings were more select; though, on the whole, the present budget merits our approbation.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR DECEMBER, 1801.

THE present month has been exceedingly barren of news; hostilities having ceased between the different nations of Europe, we have few events to record in this department of our work, which can either attract attention or gratify curiosity.

The only event by which the public are at this moment interested, is the *signing* the DEFINITIVE TREATY at Amiens. Of this celebrated transaction we know scarcely any thing on which we may depend with certainty. That the parties have left Paris and are arrived at Amiens, is well known to be the case. That the affair has commenced and made some progress towards its conclusion, is another fact pretty generally acknowledged. But still politicians are much perplexed respecting the particular articles of which the treaty is to be constituted. Concerning the interests of Portugal, various opinions are entertained. Indeed, the French

and English papers are somewhat contradictory on the subject. As to the time also, when this grand business will be completed, large wagers are laid. It is, however, apprehended, that in a very short time, the *definitive treaty* will be brought to a termination.

It is with no small pleasure that we conclude our labours for the year, with the recollection that WAR has ceased in the course of it. In this circumstance every generous Briton will rejoice. Henceforward we are led to entertain the prospect that the blessings of tranquillity will reach every corner of our land. May want and misery be banished from amongst us! May the bounties of Providence, arising from the late plentiful harvest, be widely circulated and gratefully enjoyed! May *Peace* and *Plenty* shed their joint influence on the NEW YEAR, which will have commenced by the time our readers take into their hands the present number of the Monthly Visitor!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR DECEMBER, 1801.

1. THE elegant little theatre at Strawberry-hill, left by Lord Orford to the Hon. Mrs. Damer, has been just opened, and the exhibitions were graced by a numerous and elegant auditory.

2. Cornet Sampson, of the light dragoons, engaged to walk ninety miles in twenty-one hours and a half, for 1050 guineas. He is a gentleman of low stature, very light made, and about 22 years of age. He is now training himself at Headdon in Holderness.

3. The Ministers of Leith received a sum of money for the poor, accompanied with the following note—"An extra gift to the poor, out of grati-

tude to God for restoring to this country the inestimable blessing of Peace. May it please him to grant that it may be a perpetual peace between this country and the world! *A Friend to Peace.*"

4. A model of a boat, on a new construction, has been submitted to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for their inspection—it is so constructed, as to go against wind and tide, and requires but one man to conduct it.

7. The remains of Mrs. Crawford, twenty-five years ago the great favourite of the public, and the first tragic actress of the day, were deposited in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, in the grave of her former husband, at her express request before she expired. Her coffin was placed over that of Mr. Barry, near that of the last Mrs. Pope.

8. A tenant belonging to an old house in Great Guilford Street, in the Borough, was removing his goods—before he had proceeded from the place but a few yards the whole front of the house tumbled to the ground, with a great noise that alarmed the neighbourhood. A passenger going by at the time was nearly buried in the ruins.

10. The annual meeting of the Royal Academy took place for the distribution of the prizes to the successful candidates—the president called up the students, and distributed the prizes as follow—for the best painting, the gold medal, S. F. Rigaud—for the best architectural design a gold medal, to T. Willson—for the best drawing of an academy figure, a silver medal, R. A. Watty—ditto, for the second ditto, J. H. Merton—for the best architectural drawing, a silver medal, J. Wilton. The president then made an address to the students with his usual spirit and ability.

11. An attempt was made to poison a family near York. Mrs. T. one morning went to the pump in order to fill the tea kettle with water for

breakfast, on pumping the water she observed it rather milky, but paid no further attention to the circumstance. After drinking the tea, the whole family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. T. with four children, and two servants, were seized with the most excruciating pains in the bowels, with nausea and sickness. Examining the kettle they found a white powder at the bottom—the same was found in and near the pump. This was found to be arsenic—but the usual remedies were applied with success, though the family remain very weak, from the deleterious effects of the poison. Fifty guineas reward are offered to produce a discovery.

14. Information received that Lord Elgin had sent from Constantinople to Athens several artists, who caused diligent search to be made in the temple of Theseus, where they found almost all the bas-reliefs which formerly ornamented the Temple of Minerva. These monuments, a great many inscriptions, and all the urns capable of being transported, have been sent by the Porte to England.

17. The Corporation of London bestowed on Sir Sydney Smith the freedom of the City, and presented him with a valuable sword. The chamberlain addressed him in an appropriate speech, wherein, among other handsome things, he said—"I cannot help exulting on this happy occasion, at the vast acquisition of national reputation acquired by your conduct at the head of a handful of Britons, in repulsing him, who has been justly stiled the Alexander of the day, surrounded by a host of conquerors, till then deemed invincible!" Sir Sydney then made a suitable reply, took the usual civic oaths, and having made a donation to the poor's box, departed amid the acclamations of the populace.

19. The Princess of Lichtenstein gave a fete at Felsburg in Germany, to some of the inhabitants

of the place, whose houses had a short time before been destroyed by fire. When the gaiety of the guests had been a little raised by wine, the Princess went into the hall, and said—"You owe me 45,000 florins, which I lent you to enable you to rebuild your houses." The company immediately arose, and interrupting her, said—"We acknowledge it, but we entreat you to have a little patience." She said—"No, I will not wait any longer." She then ordered a servant to bring a chafing dish, and immediately burnt all the securities which they had given her.

26. An old copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's Henry the 5th was purchased by Mr. Malone for 37l. 10s.!!!

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

JOSEPH Hudswell, Cancliffe, Yorkshire, corn-dealer. John Edwards, Bensington, Oxfordshire, miller. Jonathan Barker, Upper Thames Street, London, grocer. John Paul Offner, Kingsland Road, Middlesex, brewer. Thomas Rodd, late of Gerard Street, Westminster, jeweller. James Henderson, Long Acre, furnishing-ironmonger. E. Doran and Archer Whiting, Long Acre, coach-makers. Jacob Ainslie, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen-draper. Richard Berestford, Alfreton, Derbyshire, hosier. John Harris, Newton St. Cyres, Devonshire, miller. Robert Child, Walcot, Somersetshire, carpenter. Nicholas Noble, Berrier, Cumberland, dealer in butter. George Hasleden, Liverpool, bookseller. James Dawson, Manchester, dealer and chapman. Lydia Bucknell, Kensington, Middlesex, haberdasher. H. Deaves, late of New York, now of Liverpool, mer-

chant. M. Bourk, New Square, London, slop-seller. A. Whiting, Long Acre, Middlesex, coach-maker. D. Hodgkins, Liverpool, brush-maker. S. Calvert, late of Liverpool, dealer. G. Merri-man, Stockport, Cheshire, dealer. Thomas Blaney, late of the East India Company's ship the Walthamstow, and of Bouverie Street, White Friars, mariner. Thomas Wigful, King's Lynn, Norfolk, iron founder. Edmund and Robert Tompkins, Deretend, Birmingham, plated ink-stand-makers. Wm. Rawlings, Gracechurch Street, London, grocer. Wm. Newton, Exeter, druggist. Wm. Stevens, Exeter, saddler. John Dunceliff, Leicester, grocer. John Avery, Queen Square, Westminster, organ-builder. Edw. Medley, Parliament Street, Westminster, scrivener. John Moulds, Hampstead, Middlesex, corn-chandler. Thomas Cathro, Old Gravel Lane, Middlesex, baker. C. Holt, late of Leather Lane, Holborn, warehouseman. F. Fisher, now or late of Chepstow, Monmouthshire, currier. G. Arthur, late of Shipley Mill, Northumberland, miller. A. Z. D. Cuvelie, Lancaster, merchant. J. Clayton, Sedgberrow, Worcestershire, mealman. A. Houldsworth and H. Gravenor, Basinghall Street, London, warehousemen. James Marsh, Shad Thames, Southwark, shipwright. Thomas Madden, Pages Walk, Bermondsey, victualler. John Figgins, Trowbridge, Wilts, carpenter. Wm. Blagrove, Abingdon, Berkshire, miller. George Liddell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. W. Schultze, and Philip Unger, Little Britain, merchants. Abraham Young, Bristol, corn-factor. John Fletcher Norman, now or late of Bristol, baker. George Glover, Dean Street, Soho, Middlesex, grocer. Richard Rogers, Caileon, Monmouthshire, dealer. Davison Penny, jun. St. John Wapping, ship-chandler. Daniel Brien, late of James Street, Covent Garden, victualler. Joseph Stone, late of

Mersey Street, Liverpool, victualler. Wm. Bullen, Plymouth Dock, linen-draper. Joseph Evatt, Rood Lane, London, glassman. James Weldon, Lawrence Lane, warehouseman. J. Sproston, Liverpool, merchant. C. Clegg, Milnrow, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. T. Man, Howard Street, St. Clement Danes, dealer. D. N. Beckman, of Princes Row, Mile End New Town, Middlesex, sugar-grinder. G. F. Benekirt, Swan-Mead, Bermondsey, leather-dresser. P. Drinkwater, Manchester, and T. Dakeyne, Darley Dale, Derbyshire, corn-factors. C. Marriott, Manchester, merchant. Jos. Mitchell, Long Acre, cheesemonger. Jos. Smee, Newington Place, Surrey, potter. W. Field, Old Cavendish Street, St. Maryle-bone, painter and glazier. Phineas de Baruch Toledano, Great Aylie Street, Goodman's Fields, merchant. Jos. Morris, St. John Street, Westminster, money-scrivener. Thos. Juxon, Birmingham, corn-factor. T. Arnold, Wolverhampton, baker. Reuben Smith, Little Chelsea, dealer. W. Holmes, Otley, Yorkshire, mercer. Sam. King, Gloucester, shopkeeper. Edw. Parker, Stevenage, Herts, corn-dealer. Wm. Key, Duke Street, Aldgate, mercer. James Brady, Ipswich, linen-draper. Jos. Cowgill, Manchester, merchant. J. Daniel, Liverpool, merchant. J. Cheetham Morrey, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. T. Fothergill, Manchester, merchant. George Mallison, Gauxholme, Lancashire, corn-miller. Geo. Woolridge, Wimborn-Minster, Dorsetshire, dealer. Jos. Adams, Brompton, Kent, butcher. Rees Thomas, Broad Street, St. Giles, Middlesex, glass-seller.
